

NOVEMBER

No. 28

10¢

# SMASH COMICS

FEATURING

# MIDNIGHT



THE RAY



BOZO THE  
ROBOT



ESPIONAGE



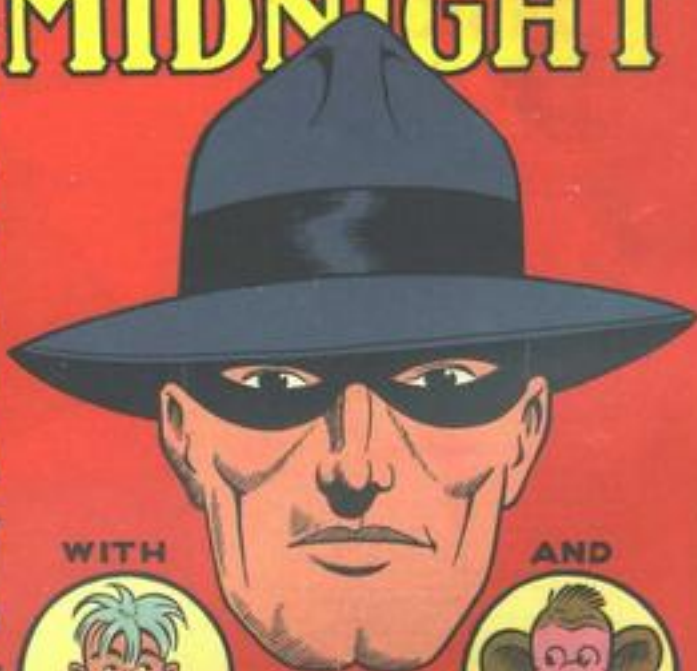
THE JESTER



WINGS  
WENDALL



ROOKIE  
RANKIN



WITH



DOC. WACKEY

AND



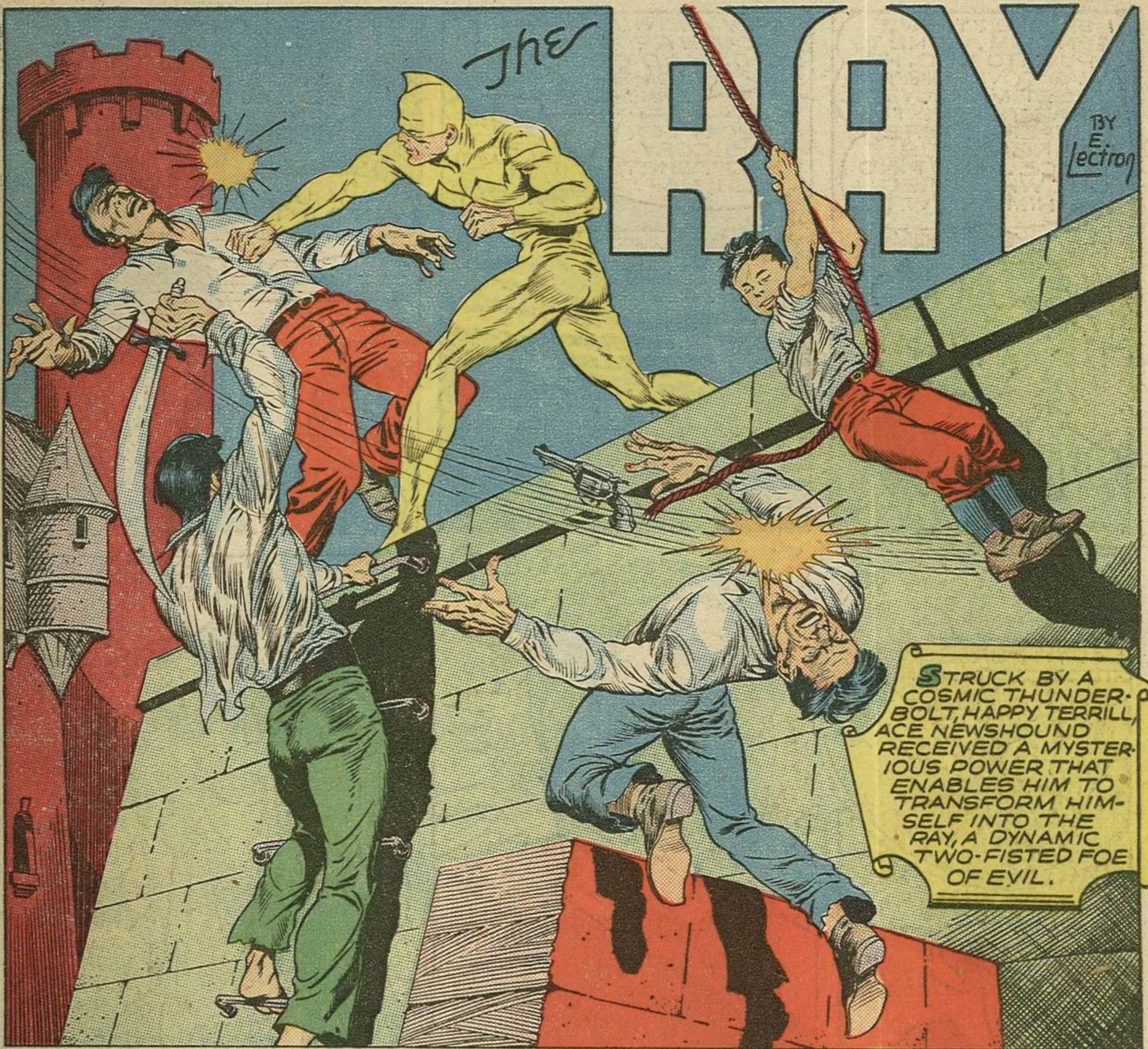
GABBY





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





**STRUCK BY A COSMIC THUNDER-BOLT, HAPPY TERRILL, ACE NEWSHOUND RECEIVED A MYSTERIOUS POWER THAT ENABLES HIM TO TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO THE RAY, A DYNAMIC TWO-FISTED FOE OF EVIL.**



**HAPPY TERRILL AND HIS FRIEND BUD ARE HEADING HOME THROUGH THE DARK STREETS.**

COPS? HAPPY? I WONDER IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US?



**BRAKES SCREECHING, THE PATROL CAR SKIDS AGAINST THE CURB.**

OH, HI, THERE, O'LEARY.

TERRILL? YOUR EDITOR AT THE "STAR" OFFICE WANTS YOU PRONTO? HOP IN?

SURE, PAT. STEP ON IT!



**AFTER A RECORD-BREAKING RIDE, TERRILL AND BUD REACH CORY'S OFFICE.**

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?

LISTEN TO THIS..YOUR PAL DAVE KNOX WAS MURDERED IN SAN JUAN.



I SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT HIM ALONE TO PUERTO RICO. HE WAS COVERING THE FLEET MANEUVERS. GRAB THE NEXT CLIPPER! YOU'RE TAKING DAVE'S PLACE...AND FIND OUT WHO KILLED HIM AND WHY!



HAPPY AND BUD SPEED THROUGH RED TRAFFIC LIGHTS AND CATCH THE SHIP A MOMENT BEFORE TAKE-OFF.

LUCKY FOR US CORY HAD TICKETS, EH, HAP?

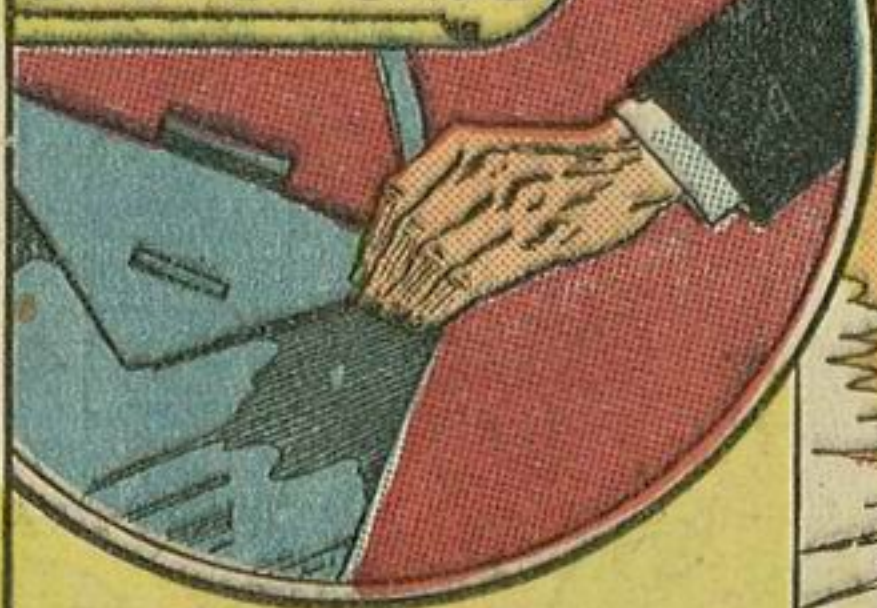


UH..ER..OH YES, BUD. HOW DO YOU LIKE YONDER SEÑORITA?

AW, NUTS..I AIN'T INTERESTED IN WOMEN.



BUT BUD'S GAZE LINGERS LONG ENOUGH TO SEE A FURTIVE HAND DIP INTO THE LADY'S PURSE.



THAT'S RIGHT, HAPPY. THE LUG WAS FISHING IN HER HAND-BAG?



I'LL TEND TO HIM, BUD.

WHAT TH??



ZO? THAT EES WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.. YOU SNAKE YOU?



STEWARD! MAKE HER SIT DOWN!

AW.. HUSH UP, SISTER!

DON'T TRY ANY TRICK, FELLA. JUST HAND OVER WHAT YOU STOLE FROM HER BAG?



WHIRLING SUDDENLY, THE GIRL TUGS AT HAPPY'S SLEEVE..



OH, NO! EET EES ALL A BEEG MISTAKE! PLEASE! I'M ZO ZORRY!



THE ACE REPORTER WHISPERS TO BUD.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND TOO SUDDENLY. WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON BOTH OF THEM.



SEVERAL HOURS PASS BEFORE THE HUGE CLIPPER DRONES UPON SAN JUAN HARBOR

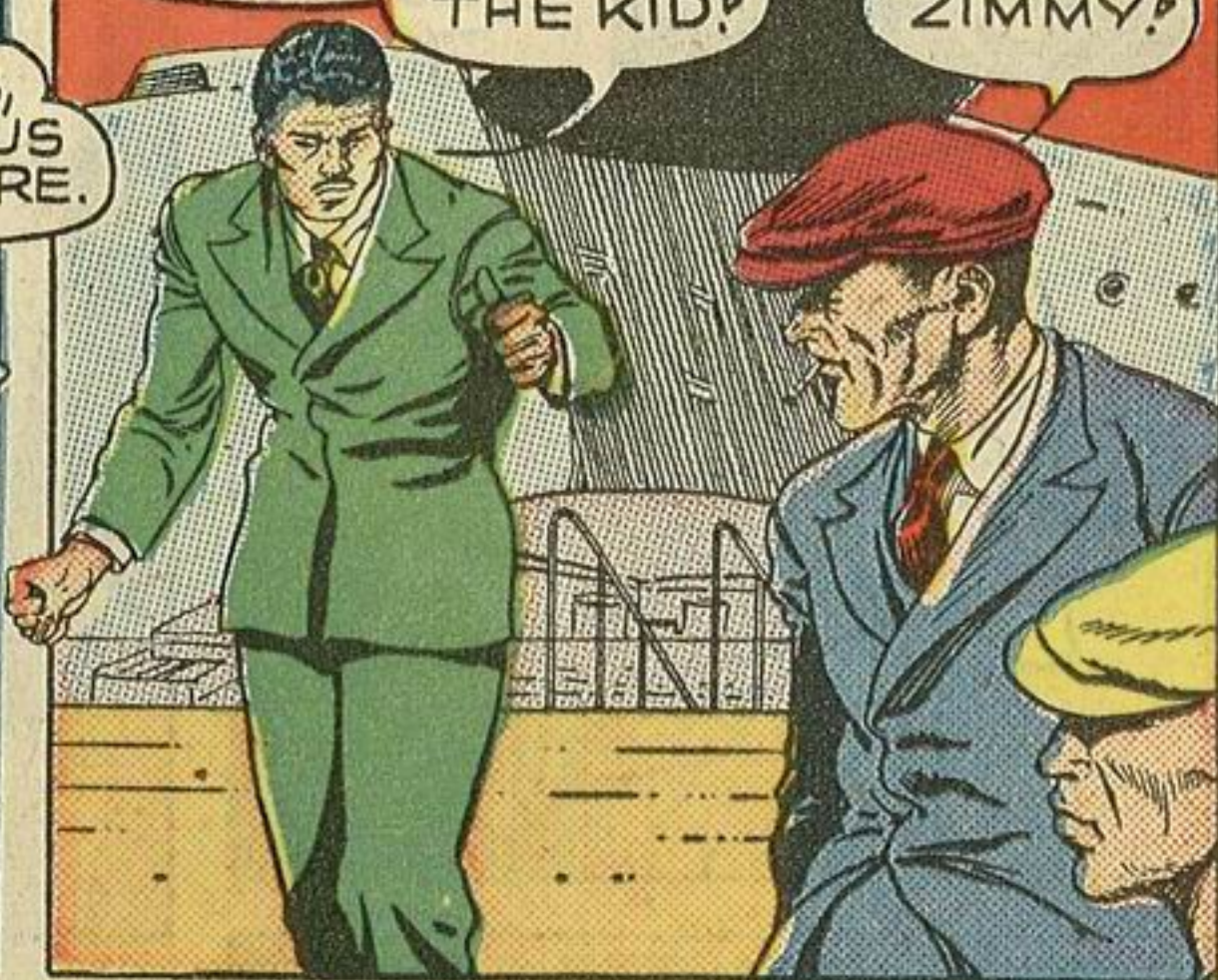
PSST? THAT FELLOW IS GETTING NERVOUS, BUD. HE'S ANXIOUS TO GET ASHORE.



TERRILL'S DEDUCTION IS CORRECT, BUT HE DOESN'T HEAR THE MAN'S COMMAND TO HIS GRIM-FACED HENCHMEN.

LOOIE? TAG AFTER CHITA.. AND YOU, SLIM.. FOLLOW THAT GUY WITH THE KID?

OKAY, ZIMMY?



PLEASE.. MEET ME TONIGHT AT THE RITZ CAFE.

I'LL BE THERE.. ER, HERE'S YOUR CAB.



LEAVING BUD ALONE AT THE HOTEL, HAPPY KEEPS HIS RENDEZVOUS.

YOU'RE A NEWS-MAN, YES? I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU?

LET'S HEAR IT?



MEANWHILE BUD IS TOO ENGGROSSSED IN HIS BOOK TO HEAR THE DOOR CREAK OPEN.

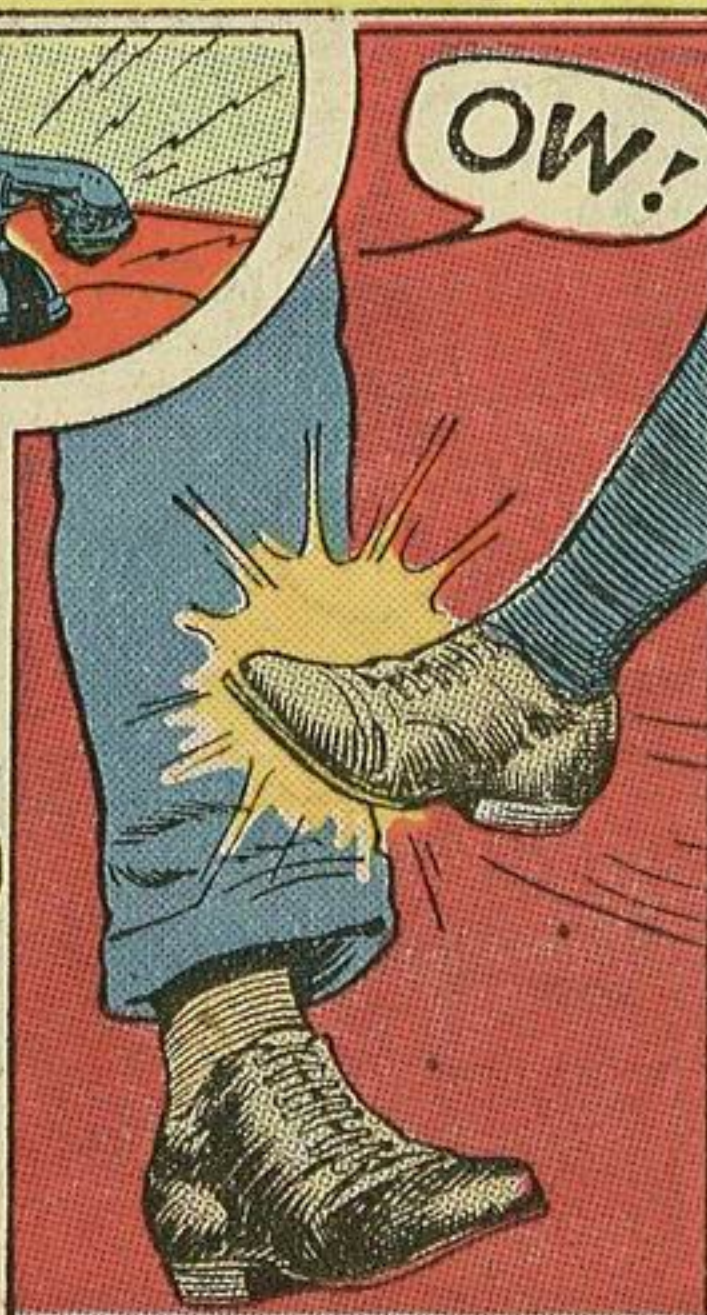


AND WITH SWIFT CUNNING, SLIM CARRIES OUT ZIMMY'S ORDERS.



BUT BUD BREAKS LOOSE AS THE PHONE RINGS.

OW!

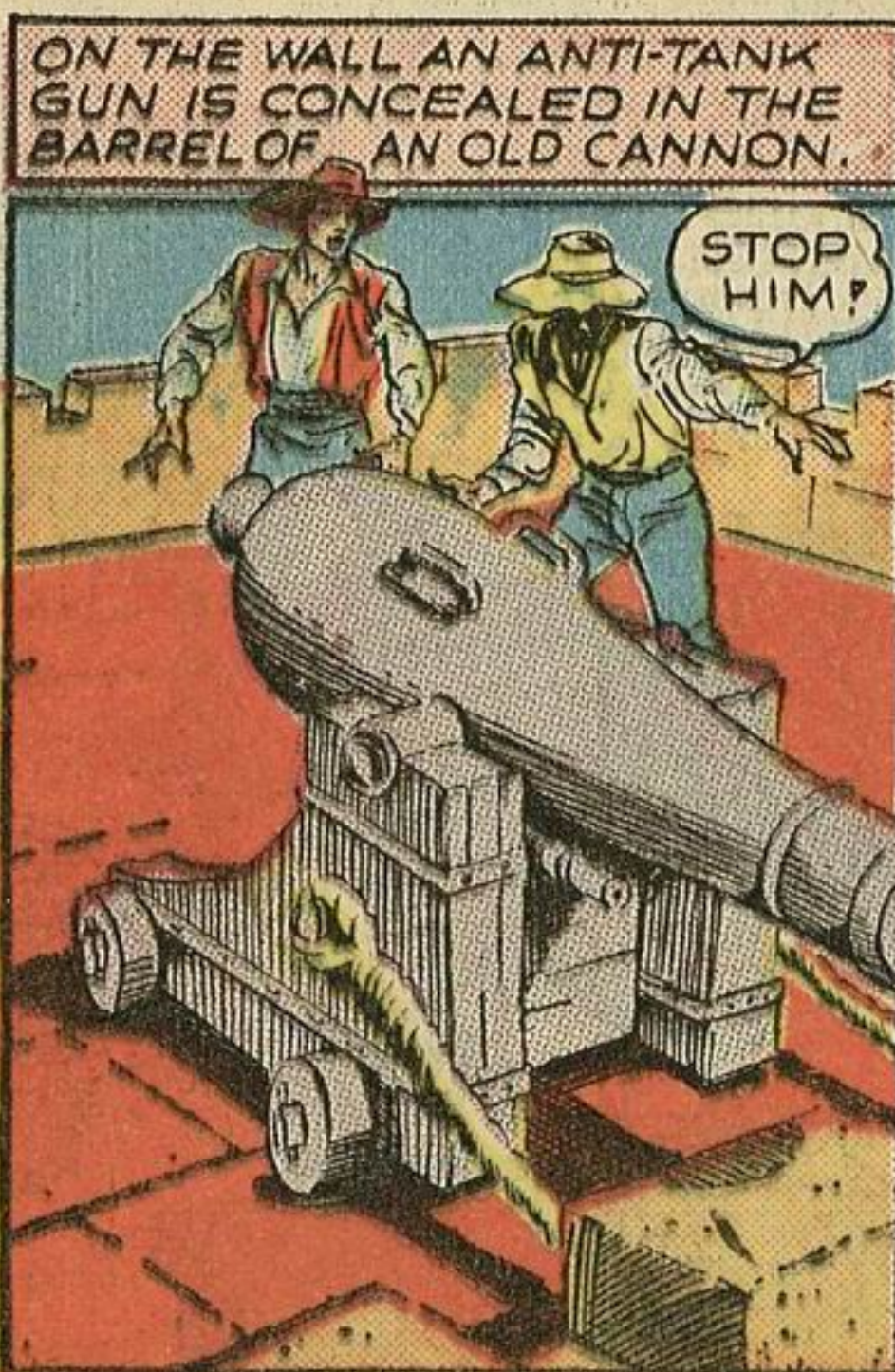
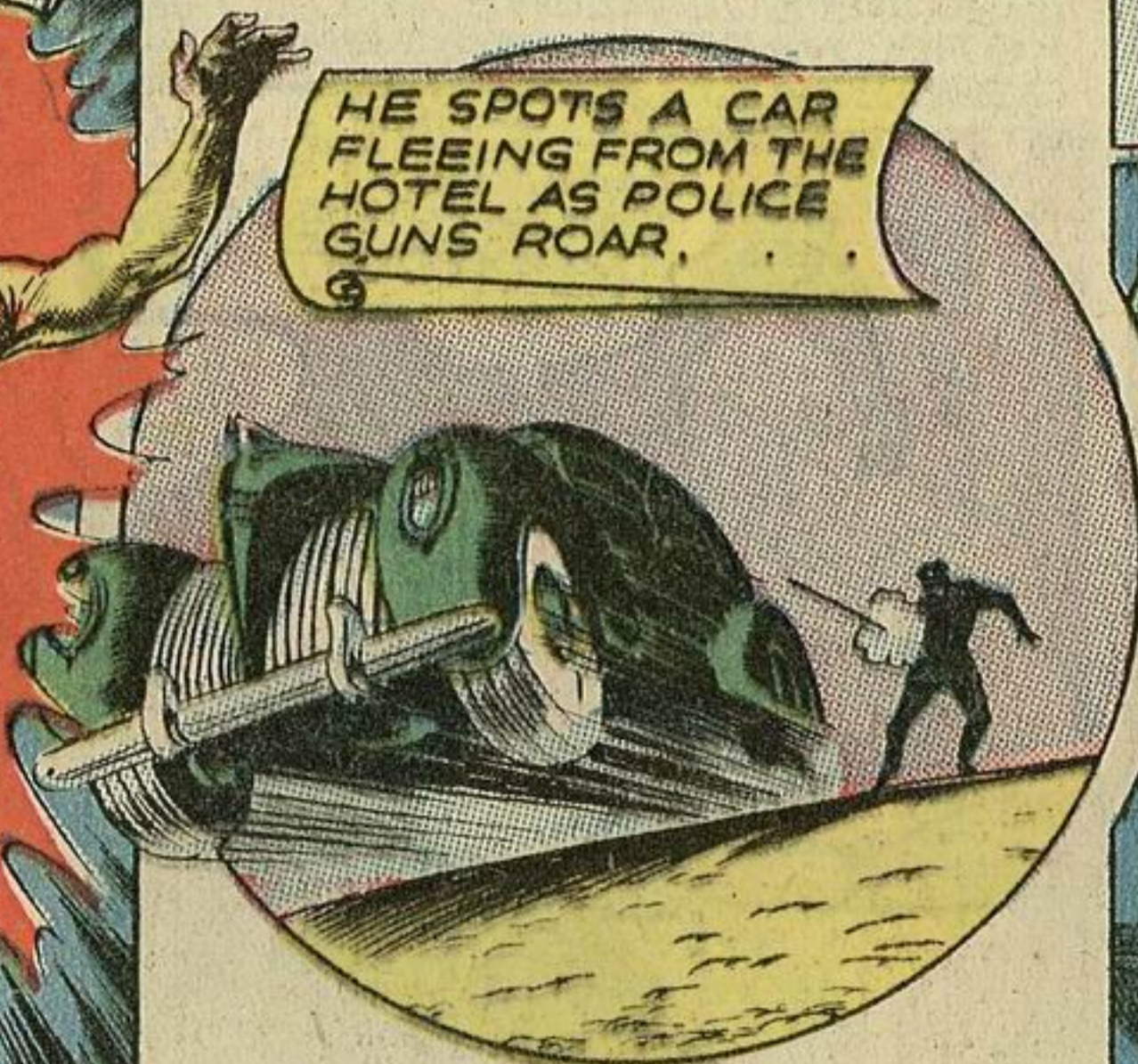


HELLO, HAPPY? YES ONE OF THE PURSE DIPPER'S PALS JUST BUSTED IN HERE.. LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT ME AS A HOSTAGE. MAKE IT SNAPPY, FELLA?

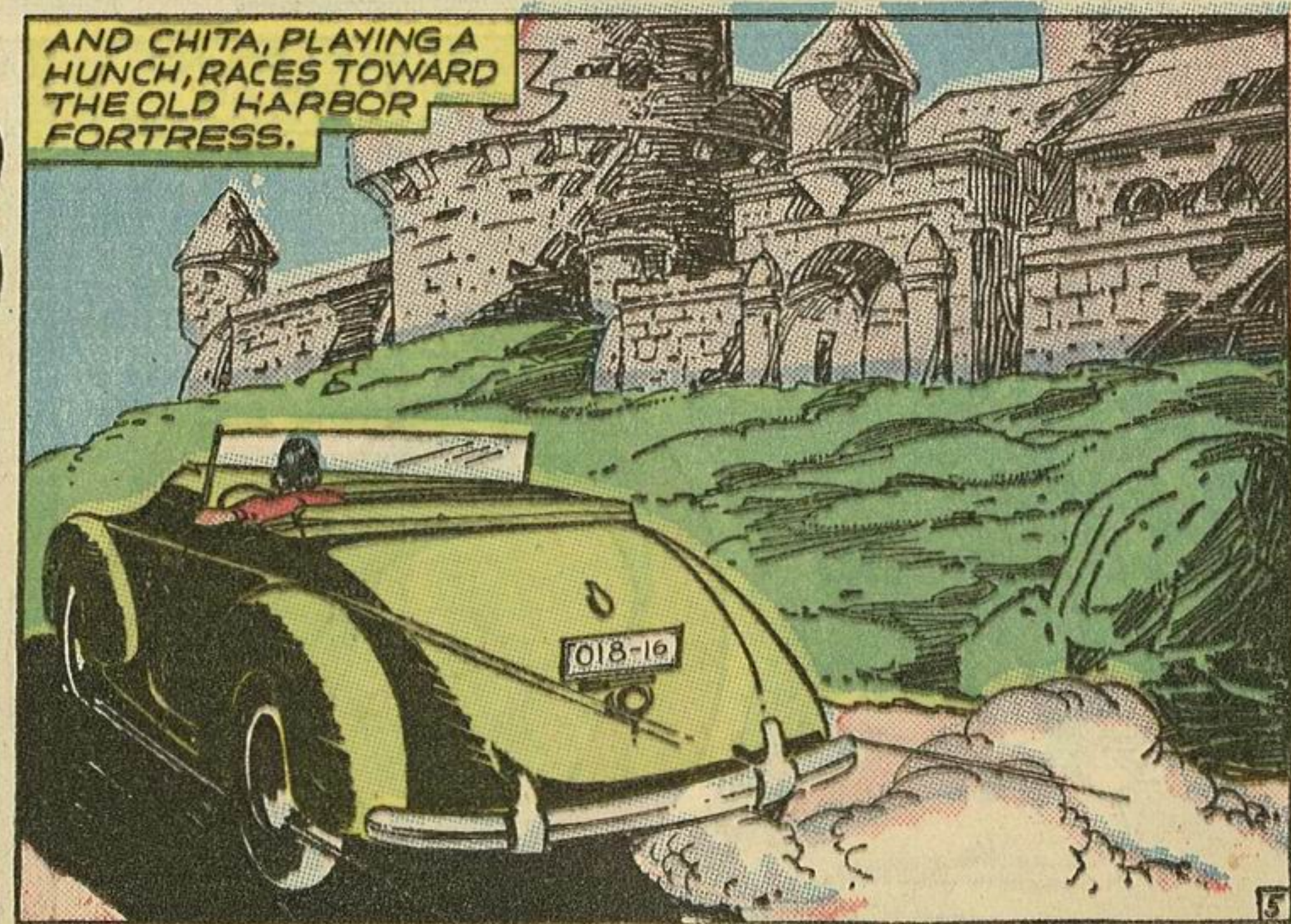
WHY YOU CENSORED













BUT ZIMMERMAN RUSHES INTO THE COURTYARD...



I'LL GIVE HIM A COUPLE JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD?

CHITA SCALES THE WALL AND SNAPS A FAST SHOT.



NOW I WEEL SETTLE ZE SCORE WITH YOU, ZIMMY?

A LOOSE BRICK SPOILS HER AIM, SENDING HER PLUNGING INTO THE YARD.

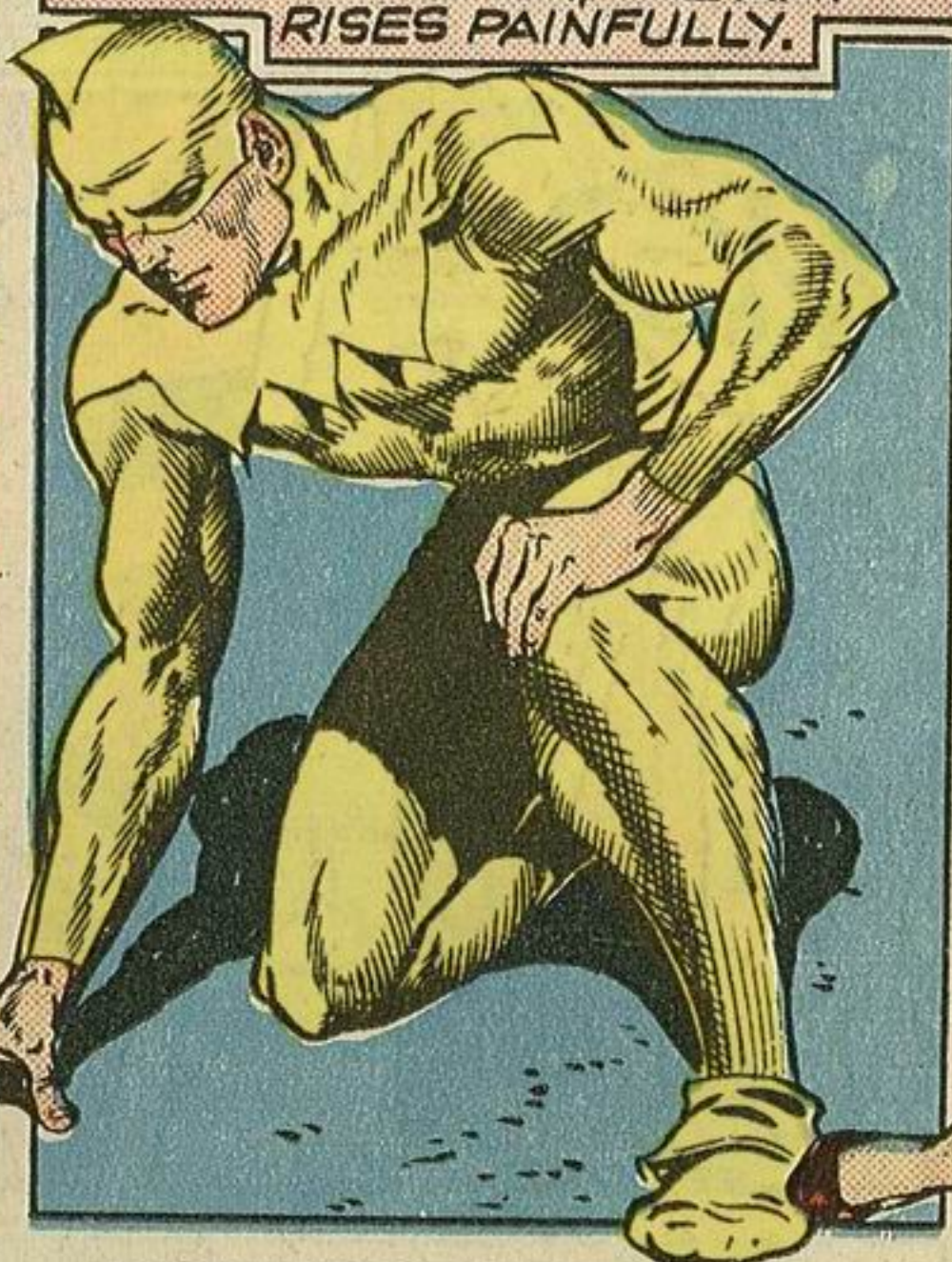


WHIRLING ABOUT, THE MASTER CROOK SWOOPS TOWARD HER.



JEEPERS? THAT DAME ALMOST GOT ME, BUT SHE'LL NEVER LIVE TO TRY AGAIN?

BEHIND HIS BACK, THE RAY RISES PAINFULLY.



THE RAY'S IMPREGNABLE MIGHT DRIVES ZIMMERMAN TO AN ESCAPE DOOR.



WHEW! I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES AGAINST THAT GUY!

OH, MY HEAD?

TELL ME, SEÑORITA... WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL THAT MAN?



HE KEELED DAVE KNOX, THE MAN I LOVED, BUT DAVE HAD TOLD ME TO FOLLOW ZIM TO NEW YORK?

AND THERE I FOUND THAT ZIM WAS AN AMERICAN GANGSTER WORKING FOR THE NAZIS.. SECRETLY HE IS STORING DYNAMITE IN THEES FORT. WHEN SHE BLOWS UP THE U.S. DEFENSES IN THE HARBOR WILL BE DESTROYED?



SO THAT'S WHY THE CROOK FISHED IN HER PURSE... HE SUSPECTED HER...



GO BACK TO YOUR CAR, SENORITA THE TROUBLE IS JUST STARTING!



STREAKING ACROSS THE YARD, THE RAY SPRINGS OVER THE BATTLEMENTS.

WITH DYNAMITE AROUND, I CAN'T THROW MY RAY ENERGY CARELESSLY.. BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY FISTS!



WELL WELL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE.. STEP RIGHT UP, FELLAS.



ARMED WITH BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN WEAPONS, THE CUTTHROATS CHARGE.

LET HEEM HAVE EET!



YOW!

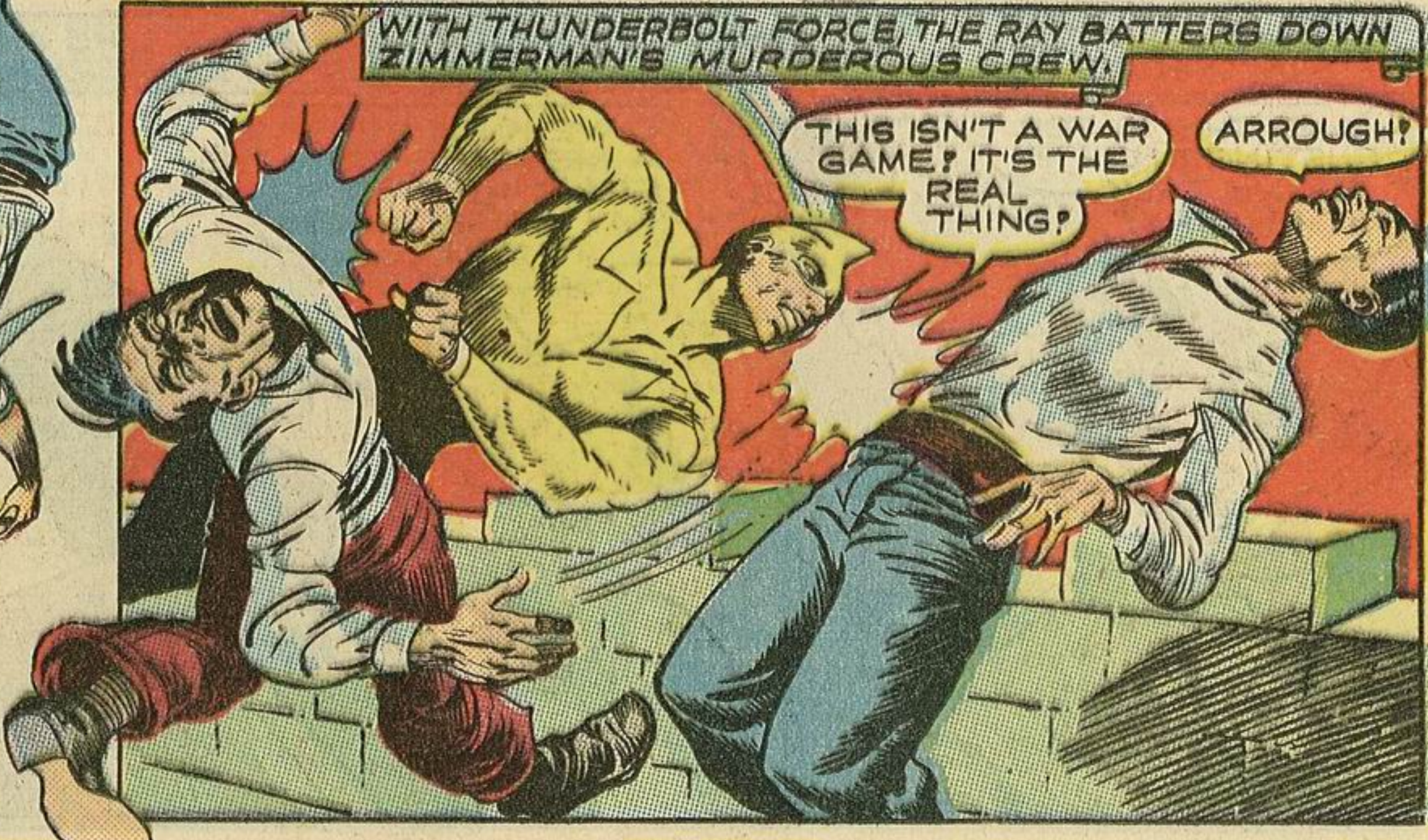
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN LAND ON YOUR FEET!



WITH THUNDERBOLT FORCE, THE RAY BATTERS DOWN ZIMMERMAN'S MURDEROUS CREW.

THIS ISN'T A WAR GAME! IT'S THE REAL THING!

ARROUGH?



WATCHING THE LIGHTNING FRAY, BUD GRASPS THE BARS IN EXCITEMENT.

HEY! THIS ONE IS RUSTED OUT! HERE I COME, RAY!



FEARLESSLY BUD LEAPS FROM HIS CELL WINDOW TO THE PARAPETS.

THERE'S A ROPE.. HOT ZIGGETY



GANGWAY, YOU LUGS! I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!







HY YA, RAY.. THAT WASN'T A BULLSEYE, BUT I'LL BET HE FELT IT?

THE LITTLE RASCAL GOT LOOSE?

KEEL THEES HOMBRE, QUEEK, ZIMMIE!

TRIP HIM! SHOVE HIM OFF THE WALL!

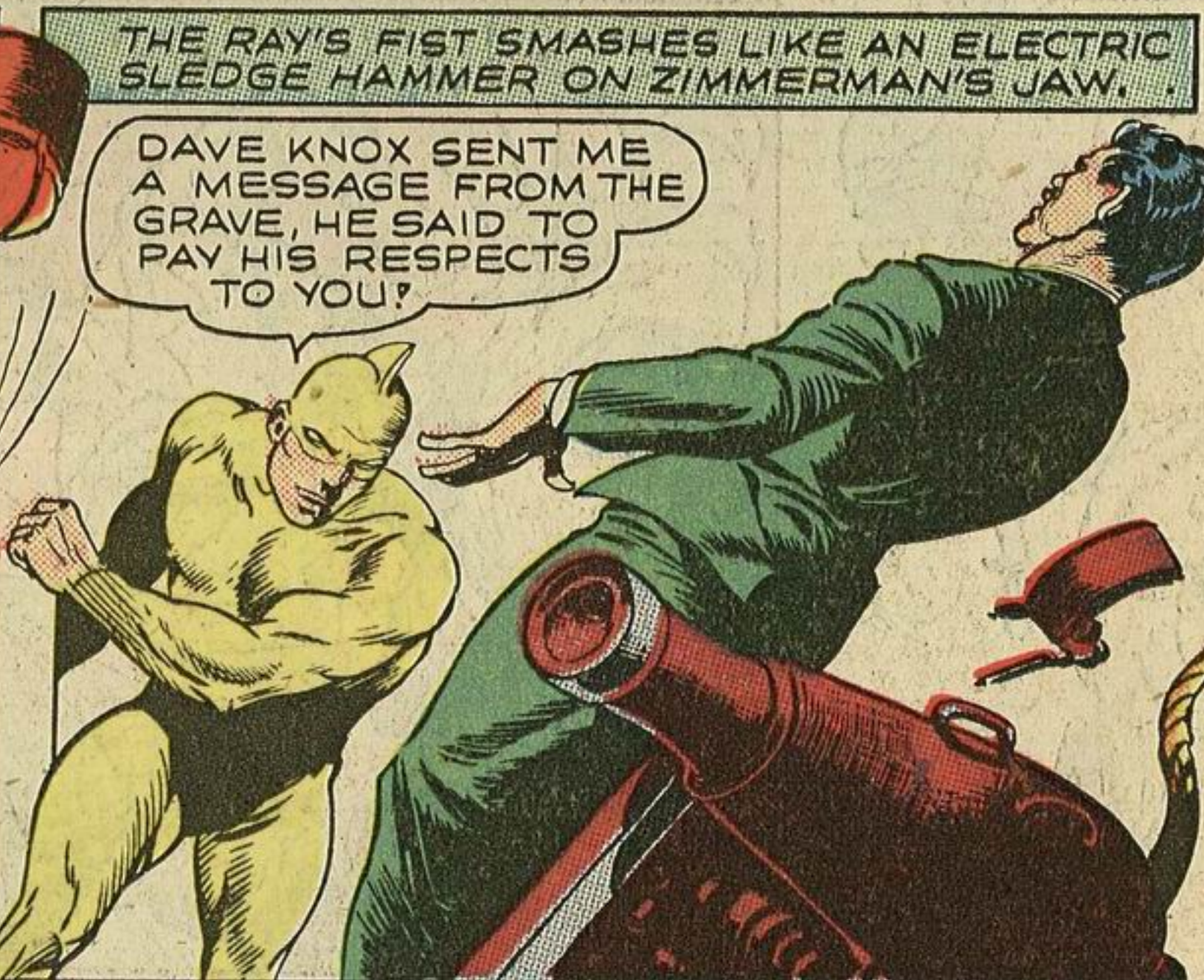
THAT'S THE STUFF, BUD?



THE THRILL OF A FIGHT GETS INTO BUD'S VEINS.

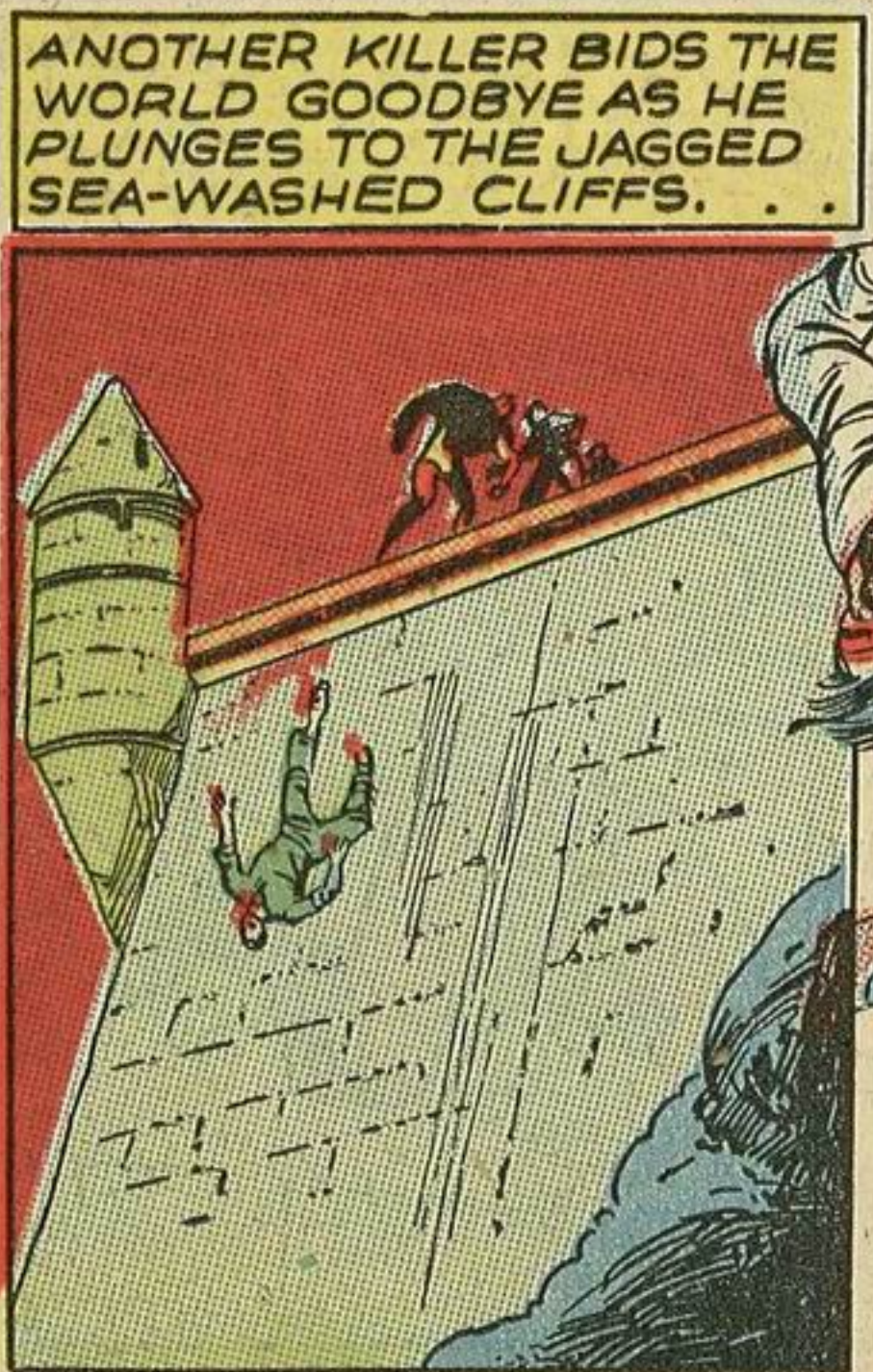
...AND THIS IS FOR BUSTING IN ON MY PHONE TALK WITH HAPPY?

OOF!

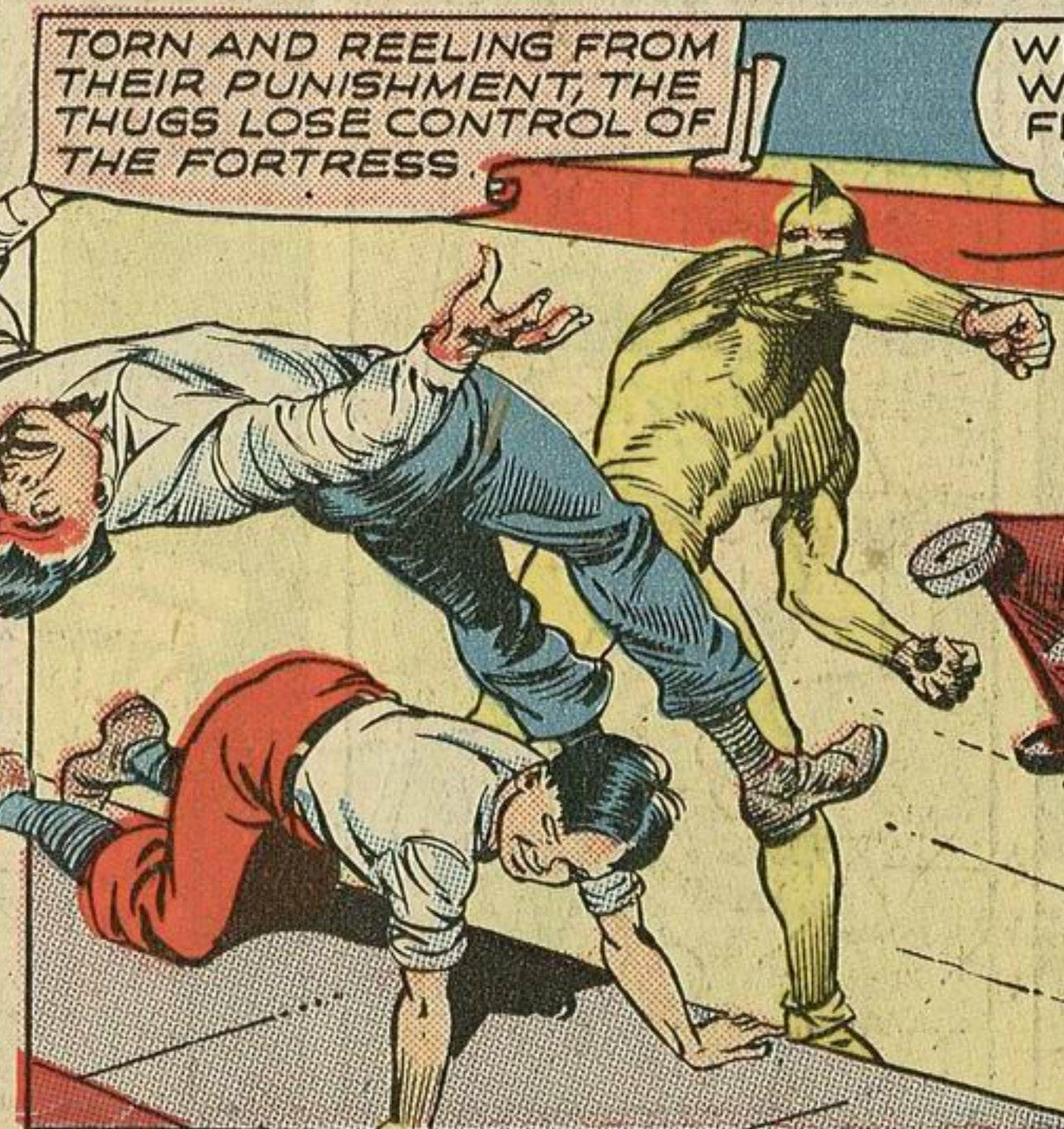


THE RAY'S FIST SMASHES LIKE AN ELECTRIC SLEDGE HAMMER ON ZIMMERMAN'S JAW.

DAVE KNOX SENT ME A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAVE, HE SAID TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO YOU?



ANOTHER KILLER BIDS THE WORLD GOODBYE AS HE PLUNGES TO THE JAGGED SEA-WASHED CLIFFS. . .

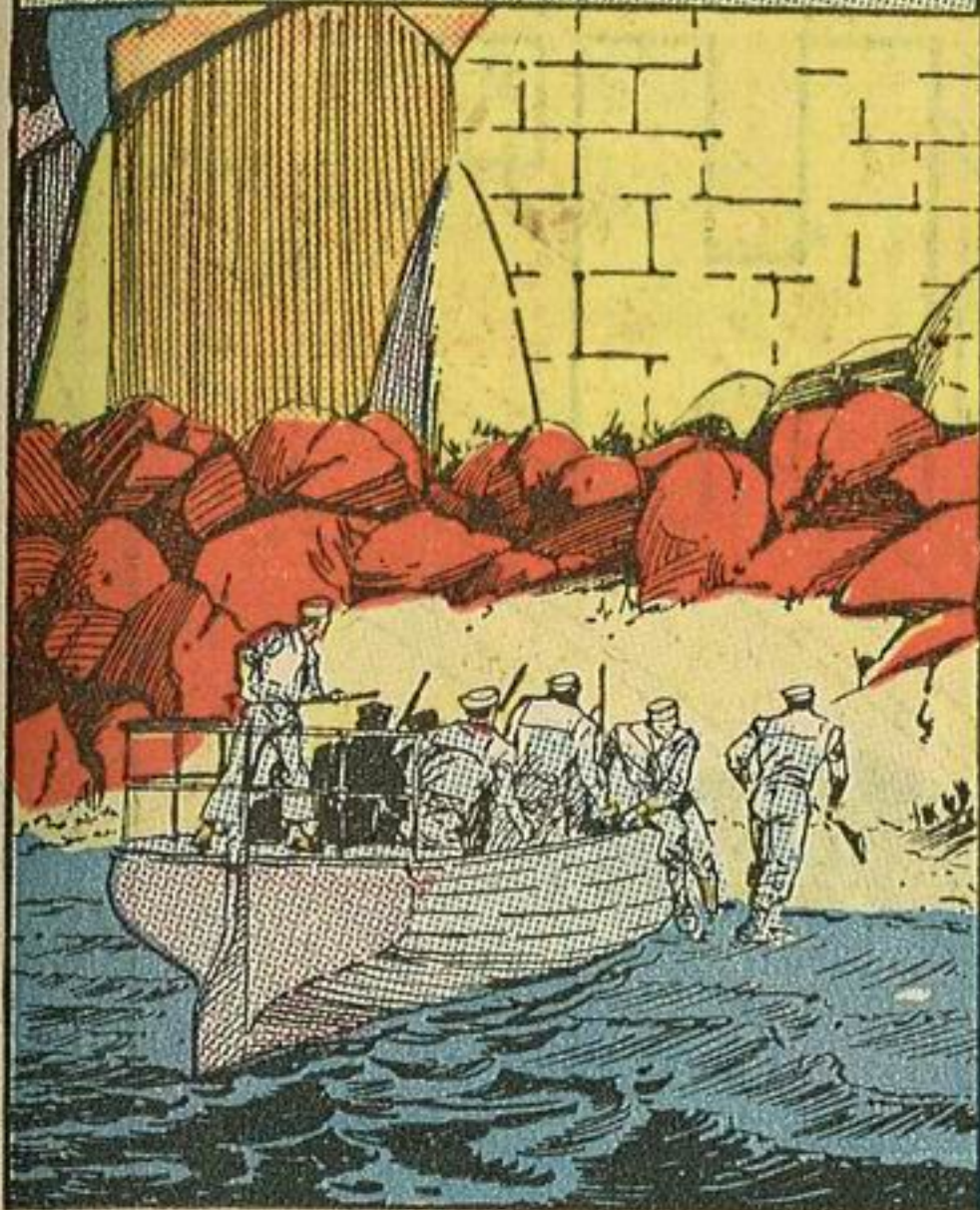


TORN AND REELING FROM THEIR PUNISHMENT, THE THUGS LOSE CONTROL OF THE FORTRESS.

WELL, I GUESS THIS WINDS UP THE FRACAS, AND LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'!



ATTRACTED BY THE FIGHT, A DETACHMENT OF U.S. SAILORS COMES ASHORE TO INVESTIGATE.

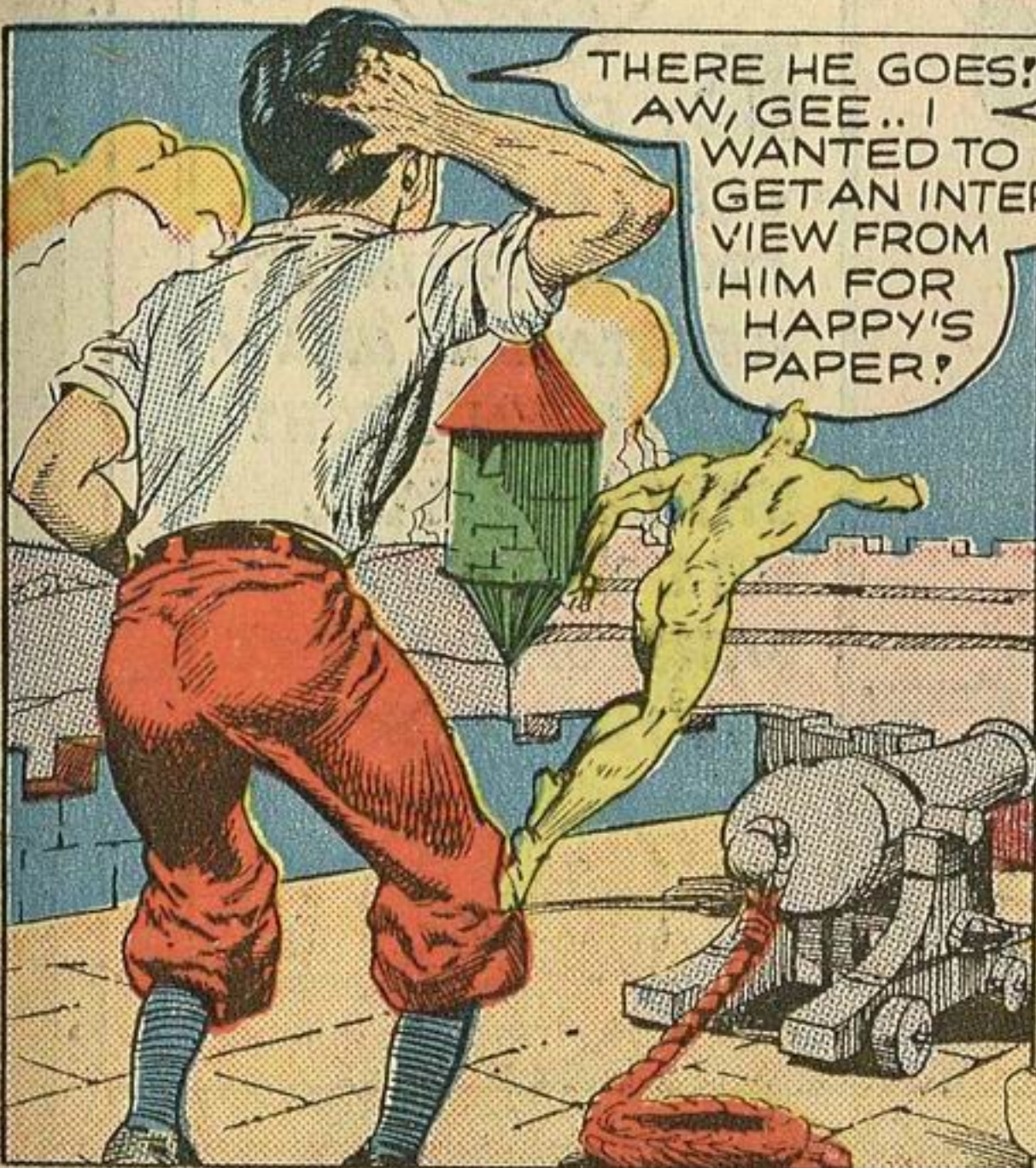


BLOW ME DOWN...IT'S THE RAY?

AYE, MATE... AND WITH A CARGO OF CULPRITS GUILTY OF SABOTAGE! TAKE 'EM AWAY!



THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, BUD. OH YES... SOME FRIENDS OF YOURS ARE WAITING OUTSIDE...SO LONG, BUD?



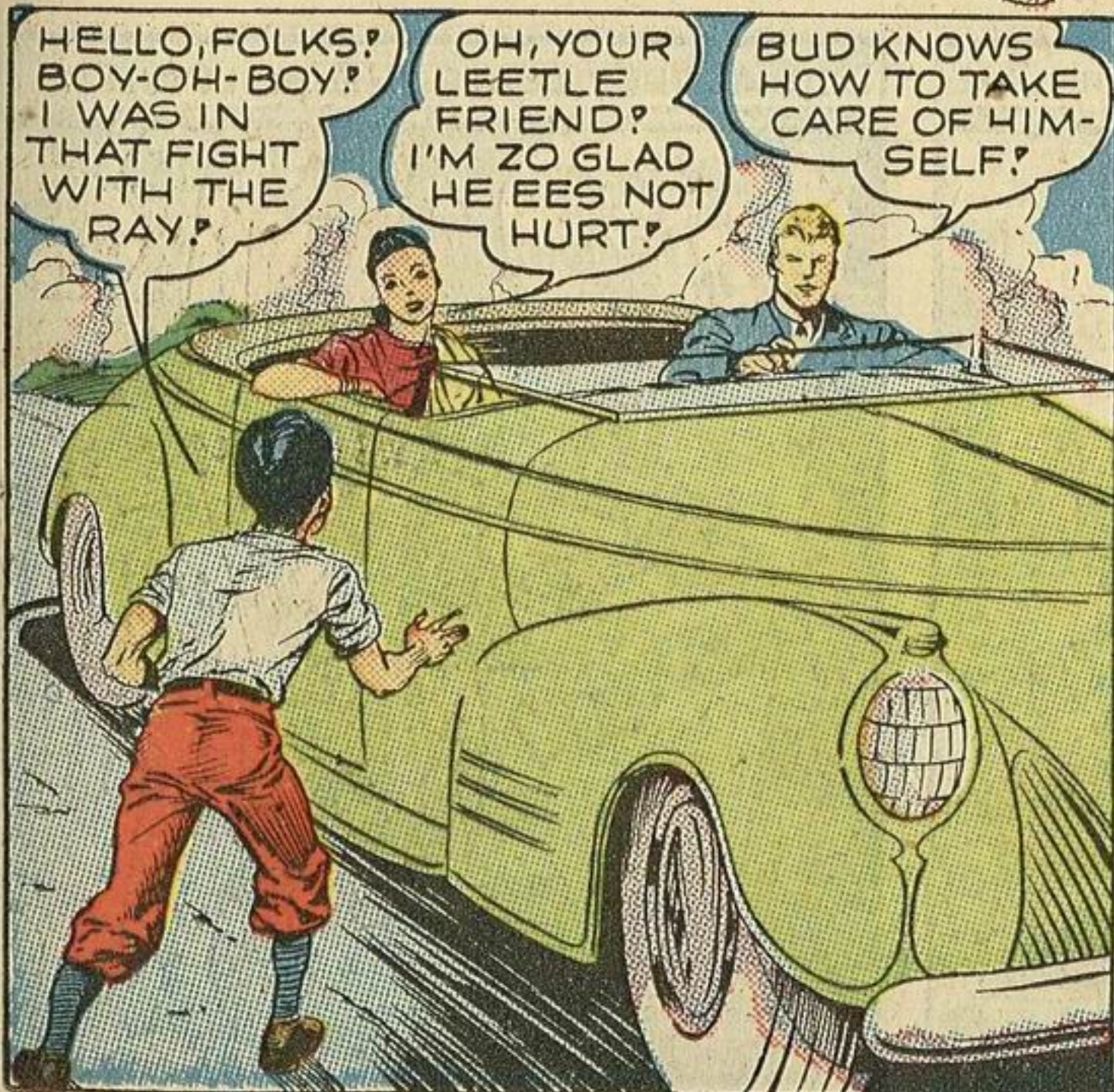
THERE HE GOES! AW, GEE... I WANTED TO GET AN INTERVIEW FROM HIM FOR HAPPY'S PAPER!



WELL, MAYBE I'VE GOT SOME NEWS ANYWAY!



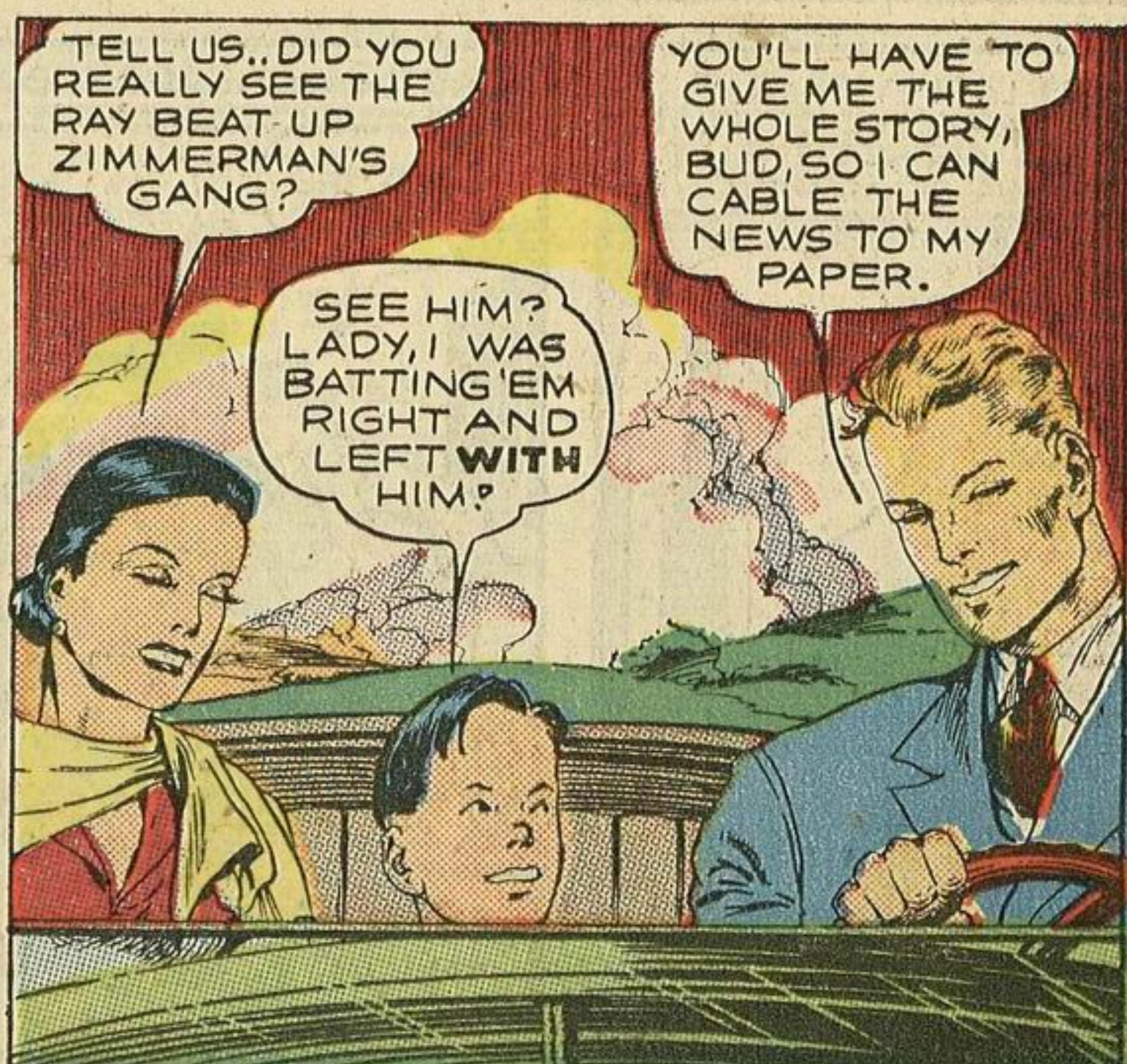
GOSH...THE RAY WAS RIGHT! IT'S HAPPY AND THAT GAL!



HELLO, FOLKS? BOY-OH-BOY! I WAS IN THAT FIGHT WITH THE RAY!

OH, YOUR LEETLE FRIEND? I'M ZO GLAD HE EES NOT HURT!

BUD KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!



TELL US...DID YOU REALLY SEE THE RAY BEAT UP ZIMMERMAN'S GANG?

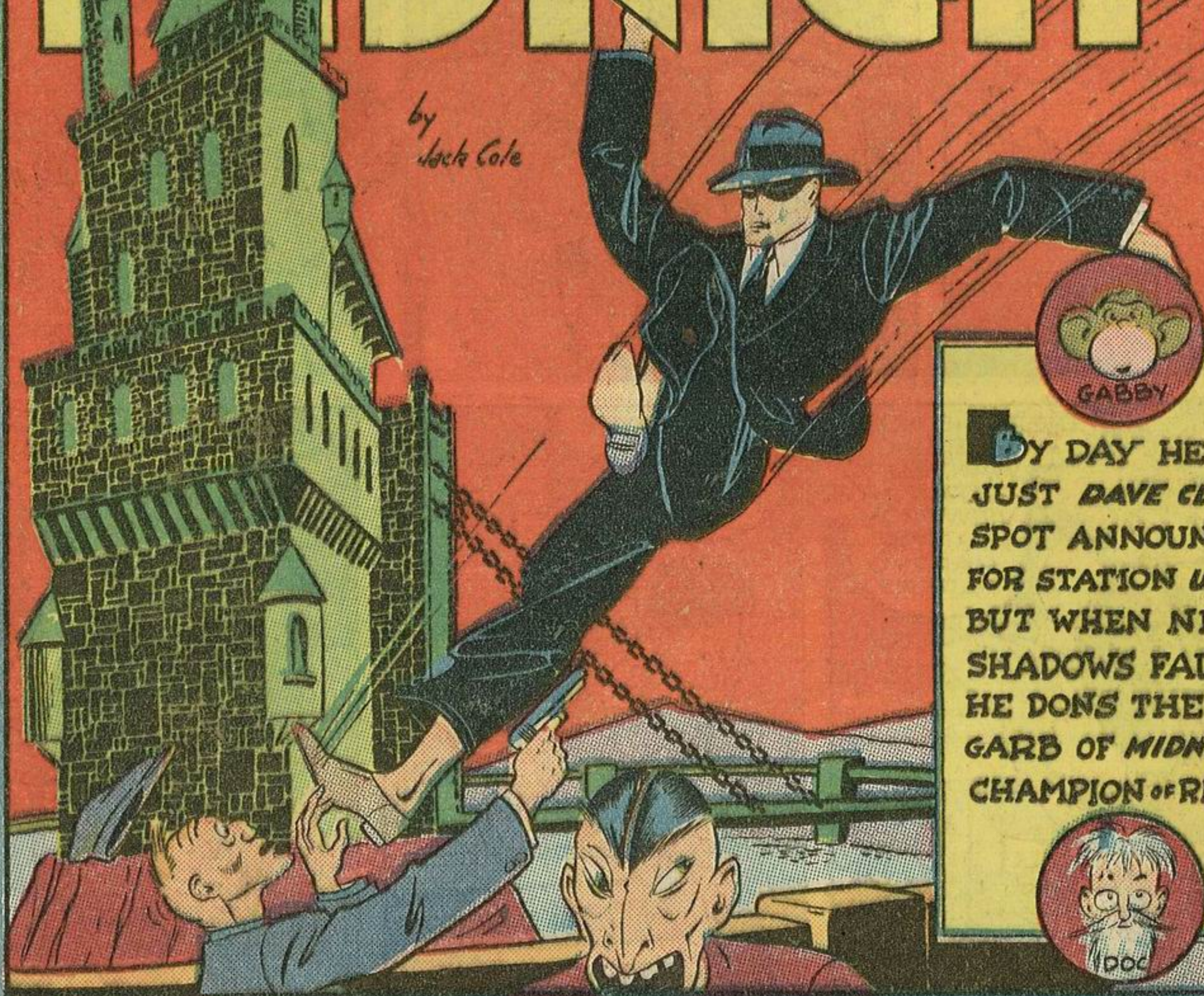
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME THE WHOLE STORY, BUD, SO I CAN CABLE THE NEWS TO MY PAPER.

SEE HIM? LADY, I WAS BATTING 'EM RIGHT AND LEFT WITH HIM!



# MIDNIGHT

by  
Jack Cole



**B**Y DAY HE IS  
JUST *DAVE CLARK*,  
SPOT ANNOUNCER  
FOR STATION *UXAM*,  
BUT WHEN NIGHT  
SHADOWS FALL  
HE DONS THE  
GARB OF *MIDNIGHT*,  
CHAMPION OF RIGHT



IT IS LATE EVENING IN  
*BIG CITY*... THE CITY HALL  
CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.  
THE HOUR OF *MIDNIGHT*!



AND IN A NEARBY BANK...



BUT AS THEY LEAVE THE BUILDING...











WE'RE  
GAINING!

NO! THEY'RE  
SLOWING  
DOWN.....  
GOING TO  
STOP!

MIDNIGHT AND GABBY GASP AT THE  
SIGHT THAT GREET'S THEIR EYES....



WHA-??  
WELL I-!!  
OF ALL-!!  
THEY'RE  
GETTING IN  
A **BOAT**!

HURRY UP,  
WE AINT  
GOT ALL  
NIGHT!!

WHEN THE BOAT SPEEDS OFF,  
PLOWING RIGHT THROUGH THE EARTH



I'M  
SPEECHLESS!!

I'M  
WEAK!



A BOAT SAILING IN DIRT!!  
WHAT A GETAWAY CRAFT....  
NO CAR CAN FOLLOW THEM!!  
BUT HOW DO THEY DO  
IT?? THE LIGHT ON THE  
BOW PROBABLY LIQUIFIES  
THE EARTH IN FRONT OF  
THEM AND IT HARDENS AGAIN  
AFTER THEY HAVE PASSED!!

LET'S FOLLOW  
THE TRACK  
IT MADE!

THE TRAIL LEADS THEM TO AN  
IMMENSE OLD CASTLE.....



THERE'S  
THEIR  
HANGOUT!

SHADES  
OF NIGHT!

THEY APPROACH STEALTHILY....



NICE OF THEM  
TO LEAVE THE  
DRAWBRIDGE  
DOWN !!

TOO NICE!  
I'M THINKIN'  
SUPPOSE IT'S  
A **TRAP**!



Suddenly  
GOOD  
GOSH-WE'RE  
RISING !!

THEY'RE  
LIFTING TH'  
BRIDGE!

IT IS A  
**TRAP**!



OW!!  
SPLINTERS!

HOLD  
YOUR!  
HATS!



INTO THE CASTLE THEY SLIDE.

WELCOME!  
MIDNIGHT!  
WE'VE BEEN  
EXPECTING  
YOU!







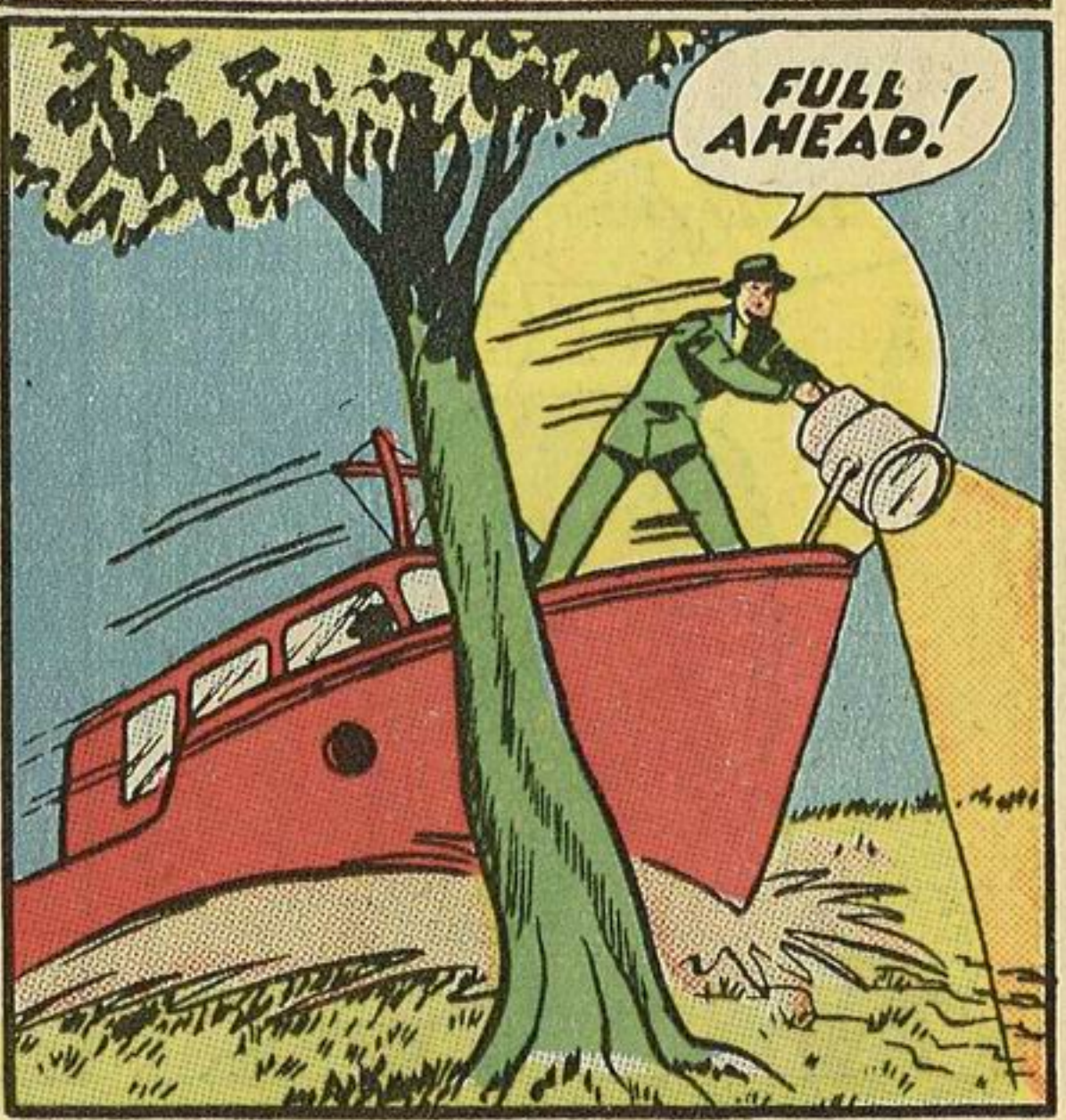
SOMETIME LATER...



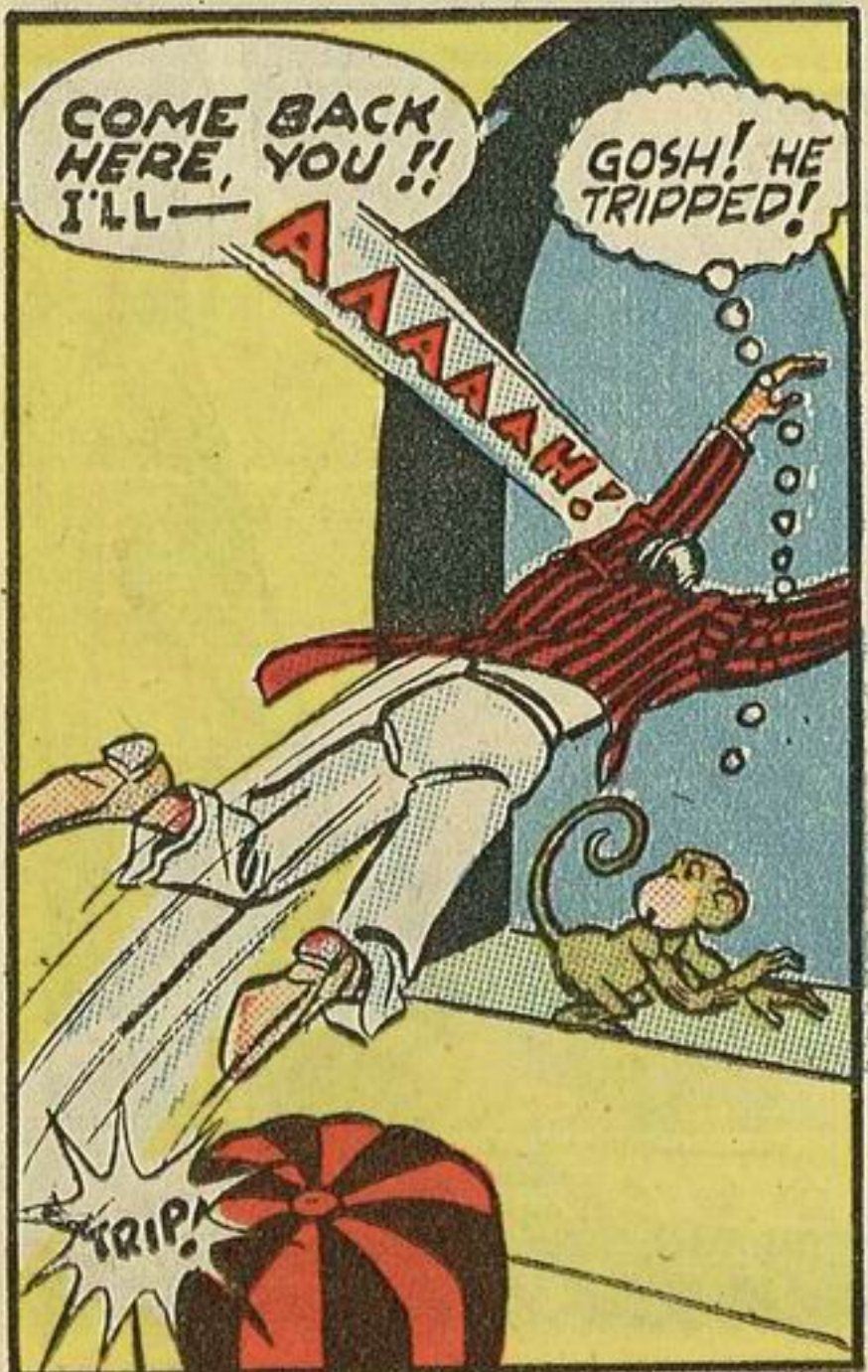
DON'T FORGET: CRUISE RIGHT INTO **BIG CITY**... USE THE **LIQUIFYING RAY** WHEREVER NECESSARY... MELT DOWN **ALL RESISTANCE** AND BRING BACK **EVERY DOLLAR IN THE CITY!** — NOW **G-IT!**



AND SO THEY SET OUT BENT ON THE **BIGGEST MASS ROBBERY IN HISTORY...**



BACK IN THE CASTLE...







PRAISE BE—  
YOU'RE OKAY!  
EVERYONE'S  
GONE! WE'VE  
GOT TO STOP  
'EM! I'LL FREE  
YOU WITH THIS  
FLASH RAY!

WHAT'S UP?  
DID YOU  
LEARN  
ANYTHING?



THEY'RE GONNA  
WRECK **BIG CITY**  
WITH THE LIQUIFYING  
RAY AND LOOT THE  
PLACE! WE JUST  
**GOTTA GET THERE**  
IN TIME TO SAVE  
**THE CITY!**

WE'LL DO  
OUR  
**DARNDDEST**  
ANYWAY!  
WHAT A  
FIENDISH  
WEAPON!!  
THAT IS!!



**BUT THE BOAT HAS ALREADY REACHED  
THE CITY AND IS WRECKING HAVOC!**

I'M SEEIN'  
THINGS-AND  
**WHAT  
THINGS!**

I-I CANT  
LOOK!

A BOAT  
ON LAND!  
IT'S UNCANNY!

IT AINT  
REAL!!

**R**ESISTANCE IS UTTERLY FUTILE:



HALT IN THE  
NAME OF  
THE—

MELT,  
SUCKER!



HA! HA!  
THIS IS A  
**CIRCUS!**

AS SOON AS  
WE'VE MELTED  
ALL OF THE  
OPPOSITION,  
WE'LL START  
THE LOOTING!

**AT THIS MOMENT MIDNIGHT  
AND GABBY ZOOM INTO TOWN!**



THERE  
THEY ARE—  
JUST  
AHEAD!

HAVE THE  
FLASH RAY  
READY!



**NOW!**  
FLASH THE  
RAY ON THEM  
BEFORE THEY  
FLASH **US!**

RIGHT!



**AS THE FLASH RAY CONTACTS  
THE BOAT'S RAY THERE IS A  
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!!**



**JUMPIN'  
GOLDFISH!**  
IS THAT ALL  
THERE WAS  
TO IT?

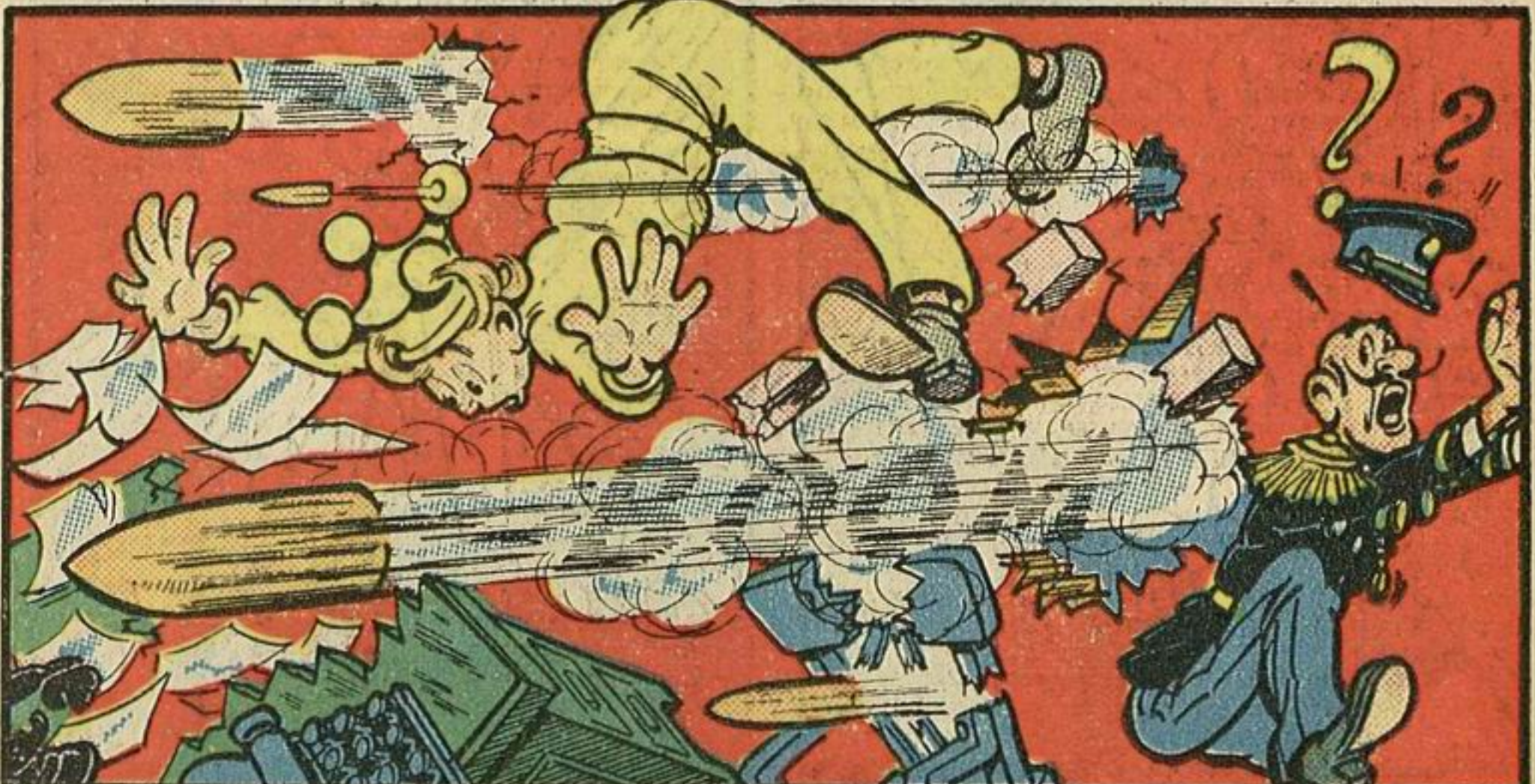
NOT EVEN A  
GOOD SCRAP!  
THAT WAS THE  
EASIEST JOB  
WE EVER!!  
TACKLED!!

**MORE OF MIDNIGHT AND HIS  
GANG IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
SMASH COMICS!**

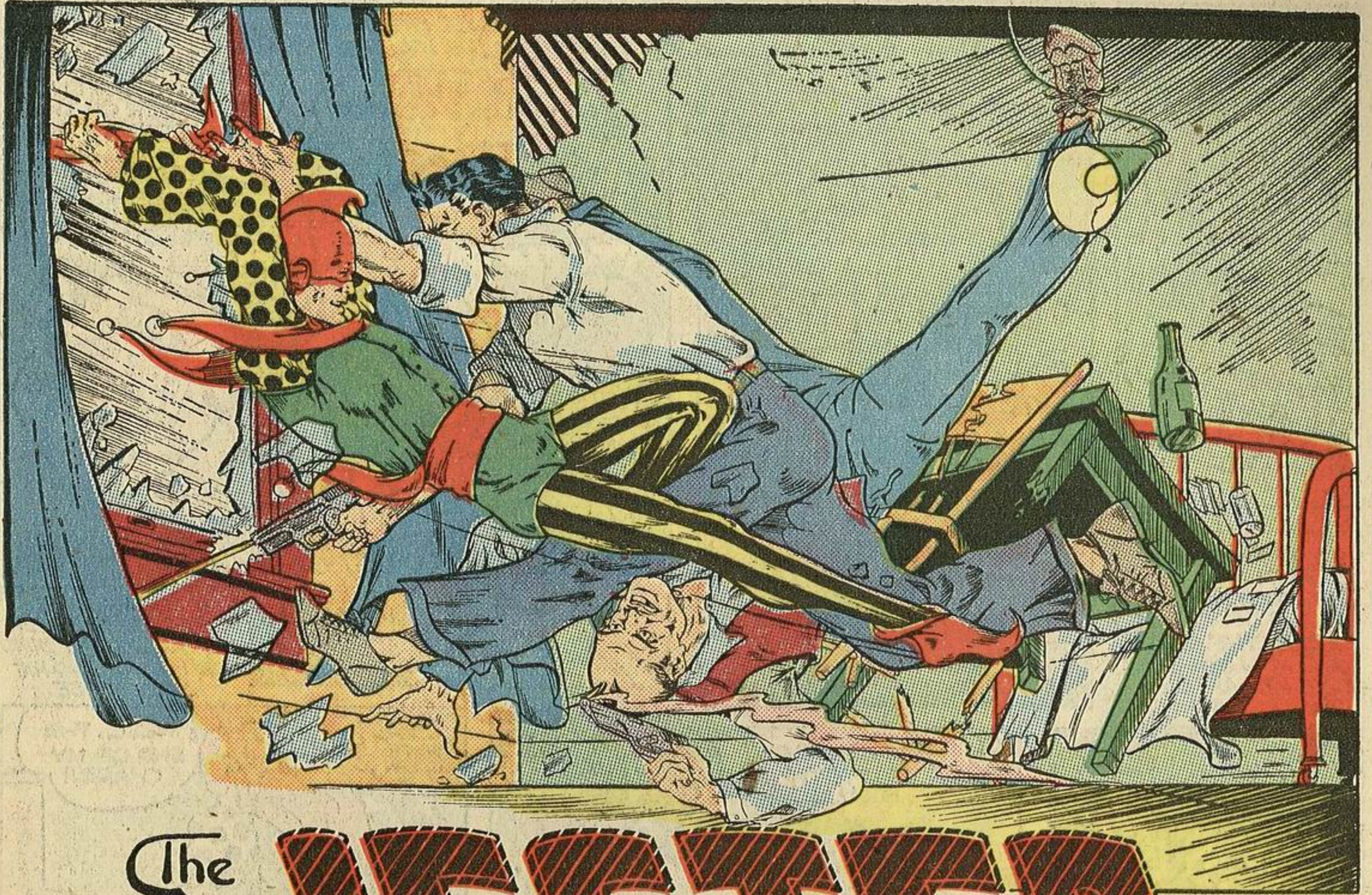
Follow Midnight in the December issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale October 17th.



# Archie O'TOOLE





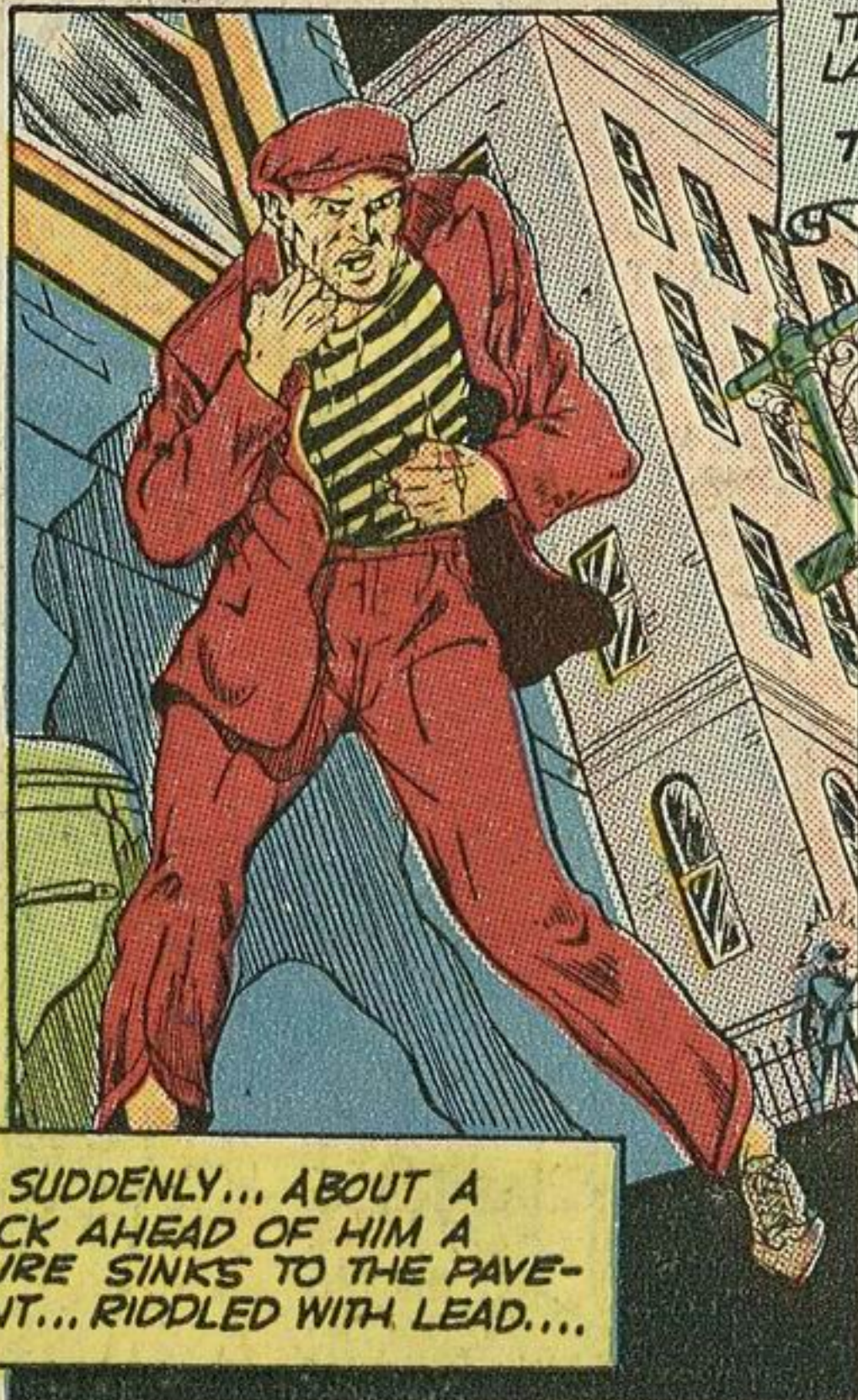
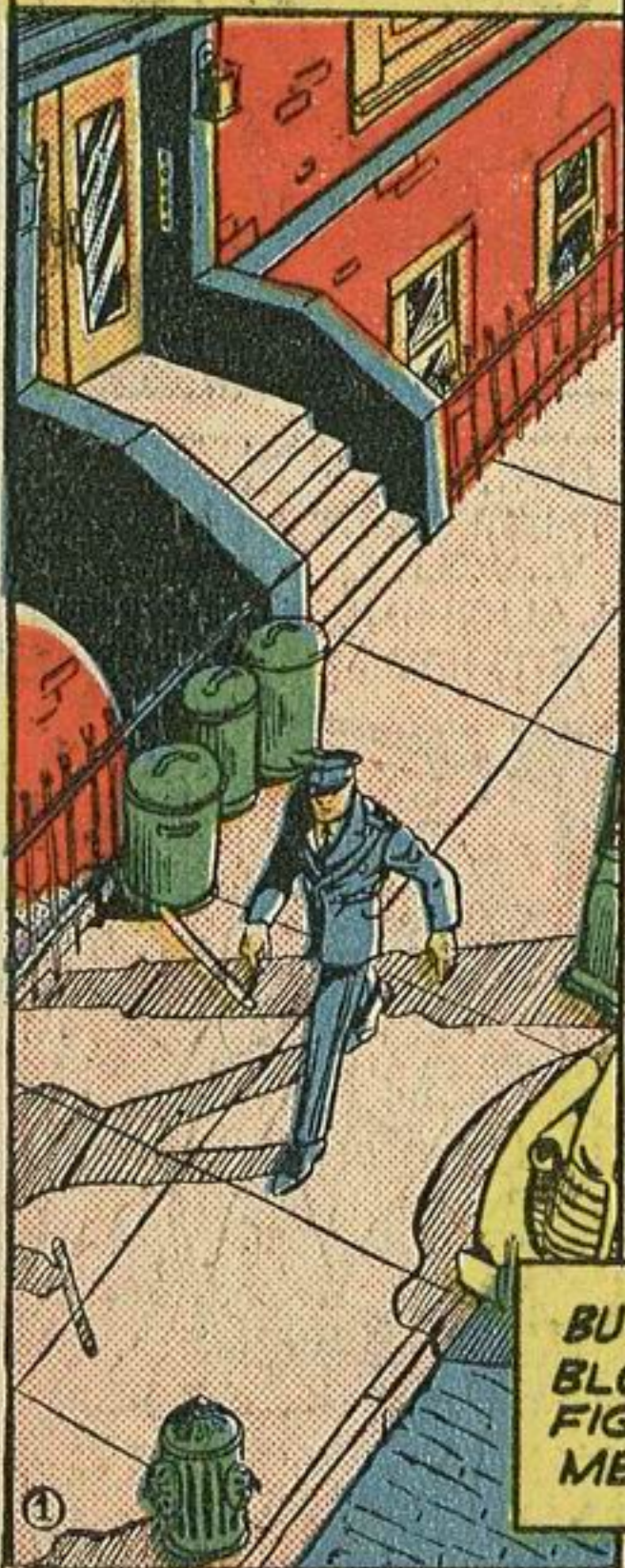


The

# JESTER

by Paul Gustavson

ROOKIE, CHUCK LANE  
POUNDS THE PAVEMENT,  
WITH NOTHING TO DO  
EXCEPT WEAR OUT  
SHOE LEATHER.....



BUT SUDDENLY... ABOUT A  
BLOCK AHEAD OF HIM A  
FIGURE SINKS TO THE PAVE-  
MENT... RIDDLED WITH LEAD....

THE TINKLING OF MERRY BELLS AND A MERRY  
LAUGH SEEM HARMLESS..... BUT THEY ARE THE  
SIGNAL FOR A HUMAN TORNADO... AND  
THE JESTER'S WAY OF TELLING THAT HELL STRIKE!!



... AND THE  
KILLER DARTS INTO  
AN ALLEY!!  
AND DISAPPEARS!



MAYBE I'M SEEING  
THINGS! WELL... DON'T  
JUST STAND HERE,  
YOU DOPE!!





THAT GUY LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME!



HOLY MACKEREL.. ANOTHER ONE OF TINY GANO'S MOB FINISHED!!



AS CHUCK DASHES INTO THE ALLEY AFTER THE KILLER....

HEH.. HEH... S'LONG COPPER!



WELL...!! I THINK THIS IS A JOB FOR SOMEONE ELSE... MORE ON THE ORDER OF THE JESTER!!

SO, BEFORE LONG, CHUCK LANE HAS CHANGED TO THE ATTIRE OF HIS DUAL ROLE.. THE JESTER.. AND IS MAKING TRACKS AFTER THE KILLER....

A FEW MOMENTS LATER... THE JESTER IS MOVING UP BEHIND THE KILLER AND HIS ACCOMPLICE...



HMM... HE'S GOT A PAL WITH HIM!



WELL.. THE END OF MY CHASE!!



SAY... THEY'RE STOPPING AT THAT SKYLIGHT!!



SHAKE A LEG DOWN THERE AN' OPEN THIS SKYLIGHT!

YEAH! HEY.. QUIT JINGLIN' TH' CHANGE IN YER POCKET... IT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE!!

I AIN'T GOT A COIN ON ME!!



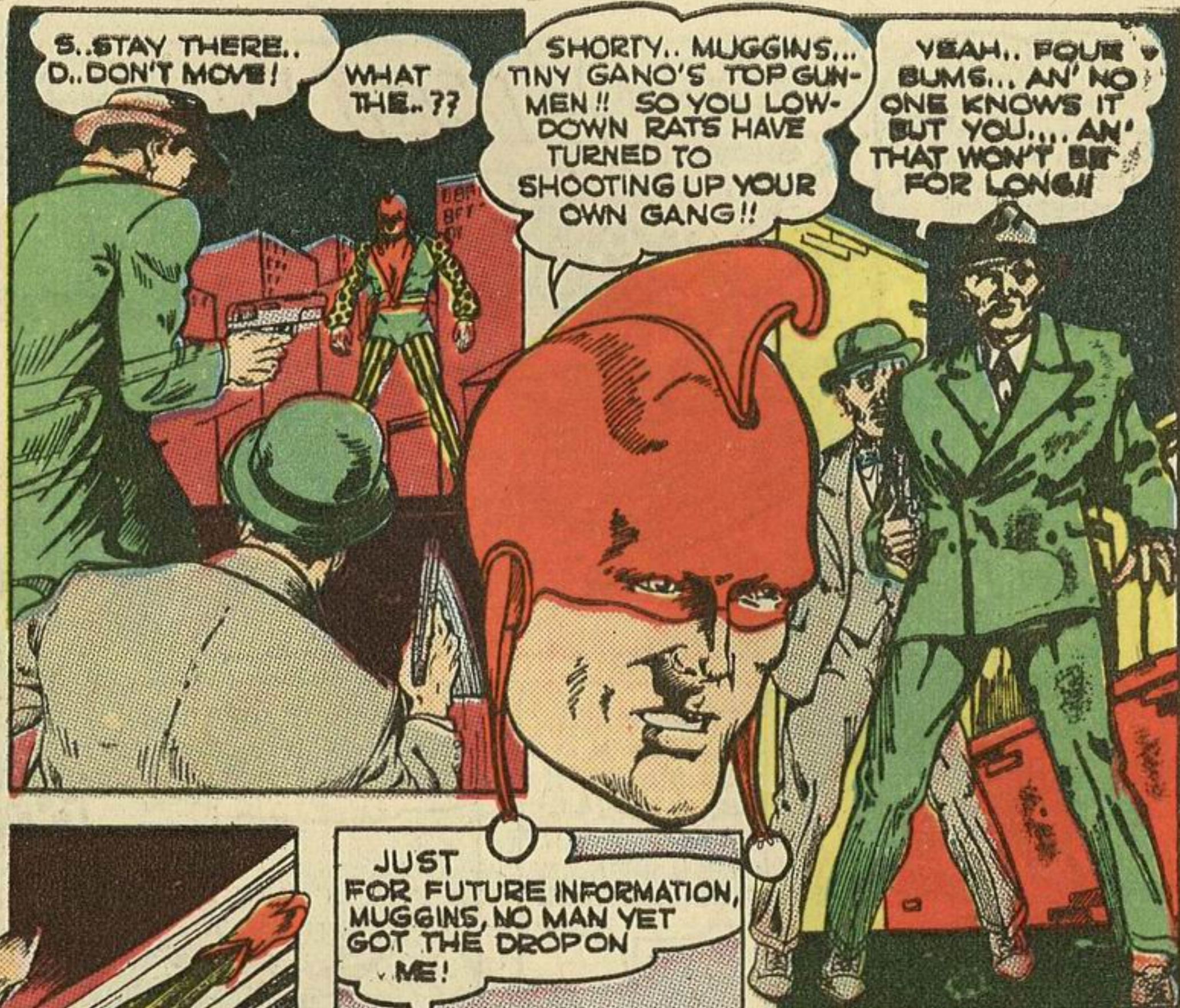
HA-HA-HA!



AN'... AN' THAT WASN'T Y.. YOU LAUGHIN' EITHER??

N..NO!!







N..NO... NO!!  
Y'CRAZY DOPE..  
I'LL GET KILLED..  
NO..NO..NO..NO..  
I'LL TALK.. I'LL  
TALK!! TINY'S  
RUBBIN' OUT THESE  
NEW GUYS AN'  
COLLECTIN'  
INSURANCE ON  
'EM!!



YOU TALKED A  
LITTLE TOO  
LATE,  
SHORTY!!

**HELP!**

BUT...  
UNKNOWN  
TO  
TERRIFIED  
SHORTY, THE  
JESTER  
GRABS ONTO  
AN AERIAL...

... AND THE TWO SWING  
THROUGH A WINDOW IN  
THE NEXT BUILDING....



HA..  
HA!!

I..I..  
AIN'T  
DEAD!!  
WHY  
YOU...!!

Y'MADE ME  
TALK... A  
SQUEALER!!  
NOW TINY'LL  
RUB ME OUT!!  
I'LL GET  
YOU FOR THIS!



YOU WON'T GET ME...  
BUT THE POLICE  
WILL GET YOU!!

MEANWHILE ACROSS  
THE ALLEY IN THE ROOM  
BELOW THE SKYLIGHT...

DELL, WHAT'S ALL THE  
RUMPUS ACROSS THE  
ALLEY ABOUT??



HOLY SMOKES...  
TH' JESTER....  
AN' HE'S GOT  
SHORTY!!



DON'T STAND THERE...  
GET HIM! THAT  
GUY'S POISON!!



O.O.KAY!!



OH..OH!!

A MOMENT LATER A  
BARRAGE OF LEAD STREAKS  
AT THE JESTER!!





NO SENSE IN KILLING ME, TINY.... YOU DON'T CARRY ANY INSURANCE ON ME! H..M..M..M THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!!



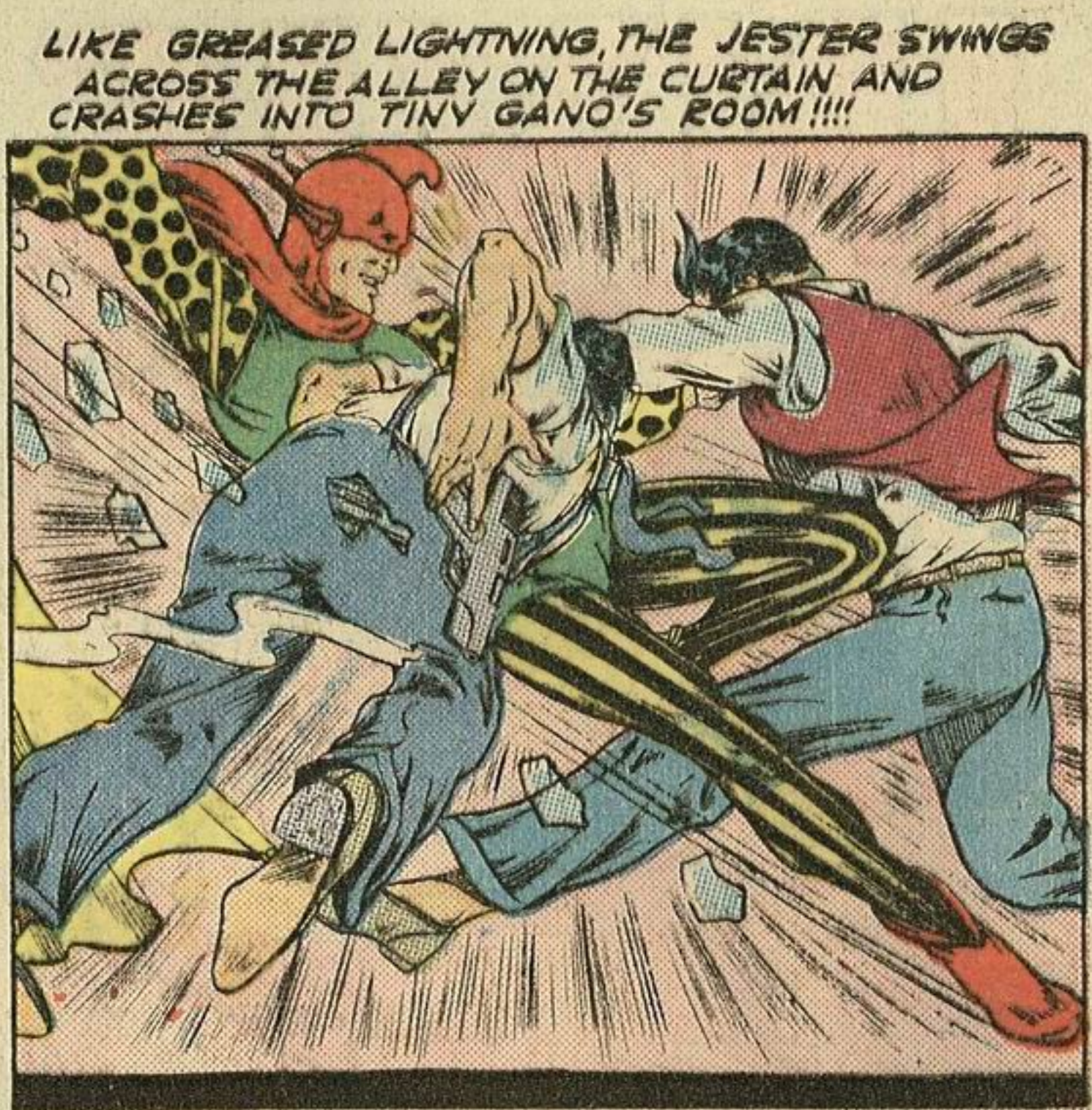
H'YA MUGGS!



AS THE JESTER TURNS TO TAKE CARE OF TINY, HE FINDS HIM CHARGING VICIOUSLY AT HIM.....



BUT A QUICK TURN AND THE JESTER CHANGES THE PICTURE.....



LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, THE JESTER SWINGS ACROSS THE ALLEY ON THE CURTAIN AND CRASHES INTO TINY GANO'S ROOM!!!!



IF THAT DOESN'T HOLD YOU... COME BACK AND SEE ME AGAIN!!



..AND TINY GANO GOES SAILING OUT THE WINDOW.... AND SUDDENLY STOPS SHORT IN MID-AIR!!!



WELL, TINY.... KINDA LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE FINISHED MURDERING FOR INSURANCE MONEY! SAY... I HOPE YOU CARRY INSURANCE ON YOURSELF. ... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT A JURY WILL GIVE YOU FOR FOUR MURDERS! HA/HA/HA!!



# INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON



LIKE AN ANGRY THUNDERBOLT AN INVISIBLE FORCE STRIKES FROM THE HEAVENS, BENT UPON CRIPPLING THE NATION'S DEFENSE PROGRAM... BUT TAKING UP THE CHALLENGE, KENT THURSTON AS THE INVISIBLE HOOD FIGHTS FIRE WITH FIRE...



IT CAME FROM TH' CLOUDS-!!

BUT NOBODY HEARD THE NOISE OF PLANES!

THIS'LL TIE UP WORK FOR MONTHS...

LATER-A TRANSPORT MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE HIGH SIERRAS.... SUDDENLY-



A LONE FIGURE DRAGS ITSELF FROM THE WRECKAGE....



THANK GOODNESS I SAVED MY PAPERS!



SUDDENLY A VOICE SPEAKS FROM THE BUSHES...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN!

YOU'RE COMING WITH US, MASON!



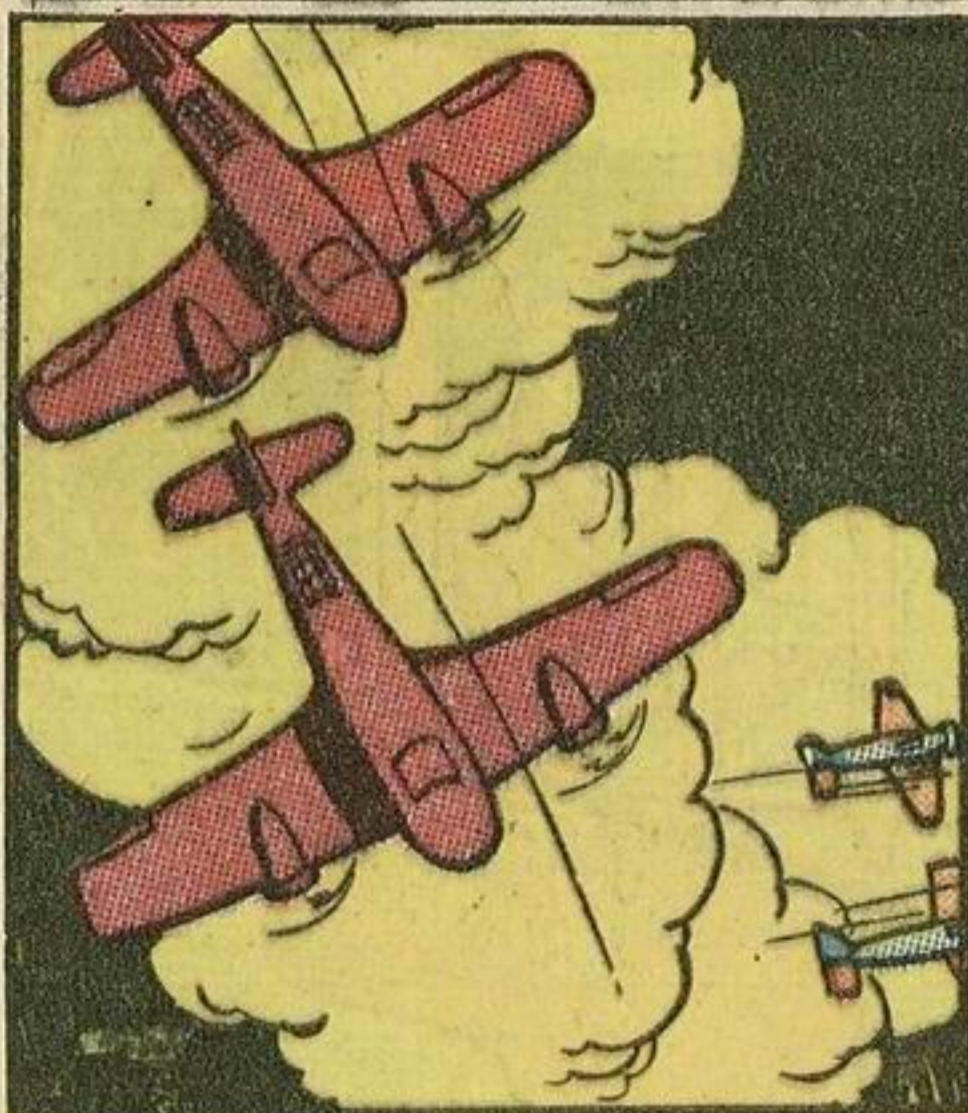
NEXT DAY...

MORNING NEWS  
**AIRLINER STRUCK BY INVISIBLE RAIDER**

THE SAME UNKNOWN FORCE WHICH WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE BLOWN UP SEVERAL COASTAL DEFENSE FACTORIES HAS STRUCK AGAIN.

DAILY GLOBE  
**ROY MASON NEW DEFENSE CHIEF AMONG MISSING ON WRECKED AIRLINER**

SUDDENLY SEVERAL PLANES DART OUT OF THE CLOUDS AND MAKE FOR THE NAVY CRAFT....



DAYS LATER-A PLANE FLIES OUT OVER THE PACIFIC COAST....

AN INVISIBLE RAIDER, EH? LURKING IN THE CLOUDS FOR WEEKS AND WRECKING FACTORIES AT OPPORTUNE MOMENTS SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY...



THE LONE OCCUPANT IS KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD...

AND IF PLANES DID THE DIRTY WORK THEY COULDN'T STAY UP FOREVER--HMM... THERE GO TWO NAVY PLANES!



A FEW MINUTES AND ALL ARE DOWN AT SEA....



AS THURSTON FOLLOWS, HE SUDDENLY SEES A STRANGE SIGHT...





BUT ONE OF THE PLANES MAKES FOR THURSTON...

OH-OH! THEY'VE SEEN ME - GOT TO ACT FAST OR I'LL BE SHARK BAIT!



QUICKLY HE DONS HIS HOOD WHICH IS COVERED WITH A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES HIM INVISIBLE...

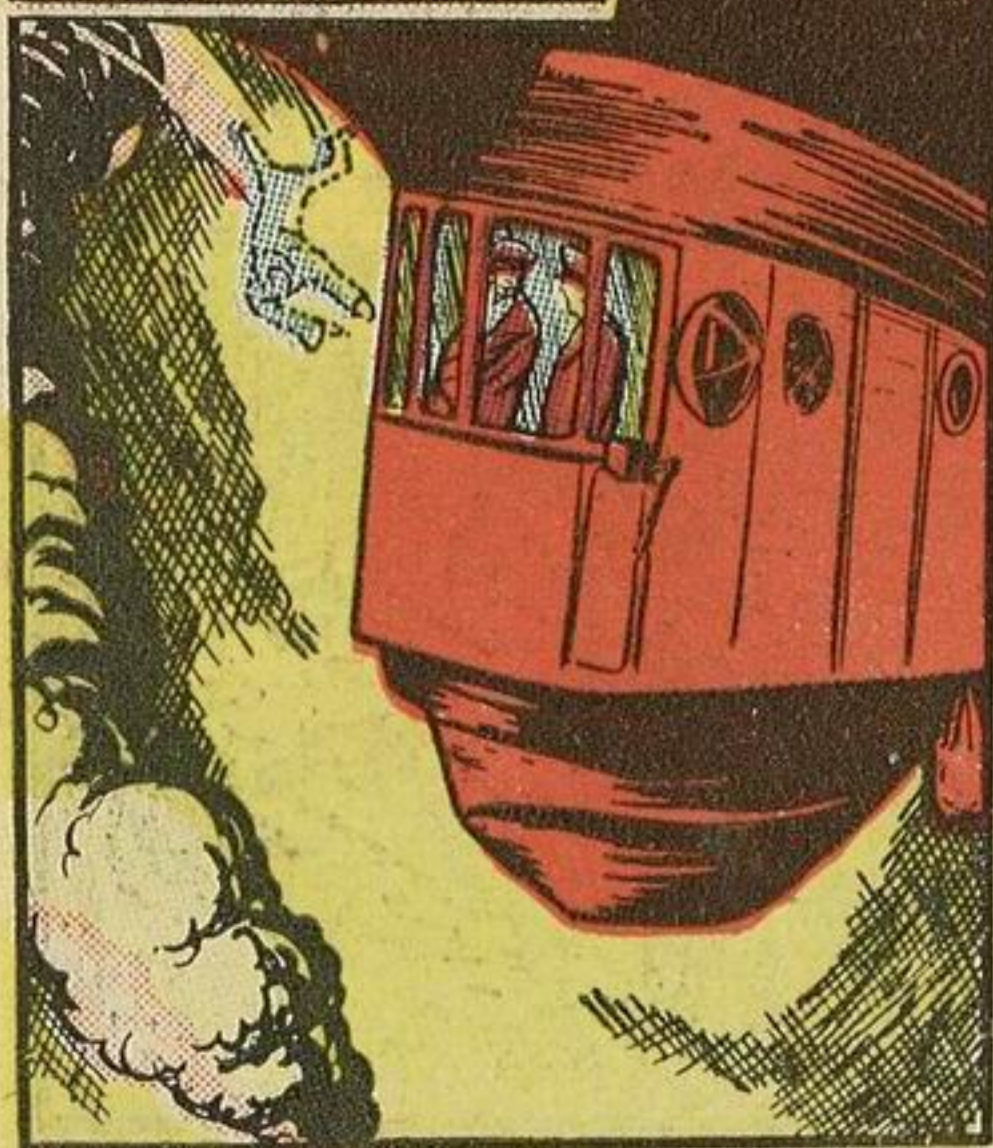
HERE HE COMES - NOW TO SWEEP DOWN NEAR THE ZEP!



AS THE PLANE OPENS FIRE THURSTON'S PLANE GOES INTO FLAMES...



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP THE INVISIBLE HOOD IS OUT OF HIS BURNING CRAFT...



HA-HA! OUR SECRET IS STILL SAFE, COMMANDER - THAT PLANE IS NO MORE!

WHEW! MADE IT -

GOOD!



I'LL ATTEND TO THOSE BIRDS LATER... NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE!



OTTO - DO YOU HEAR FOOTSTEPS?

IT'S YOUR NERVES - YOU'VE BEEN JITTERY ALL WEEK!

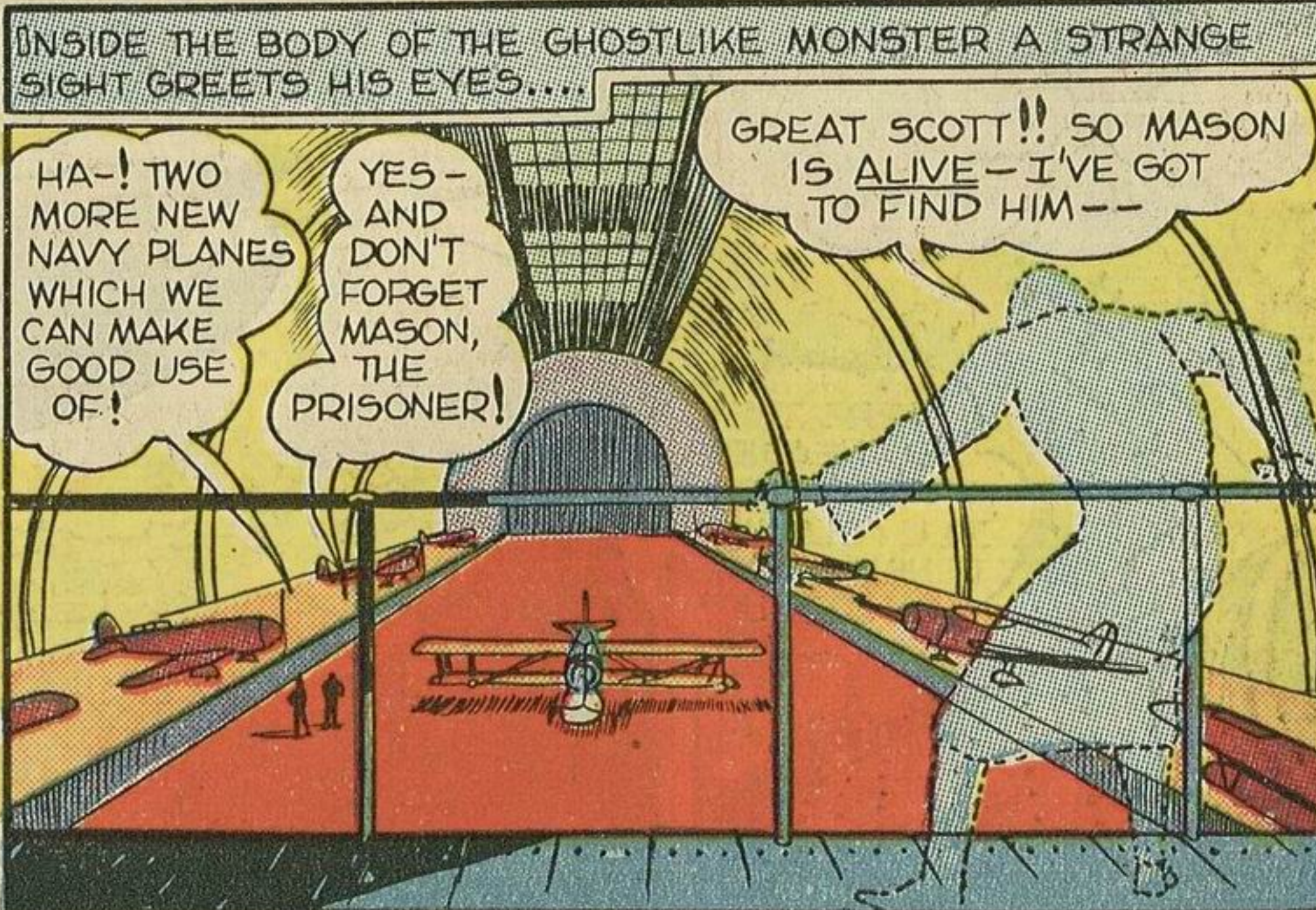


INSIDE THE BODY OF THE GHOSTLIKE MONSTER A STRANGE SIGHT GREETED HIS EYES....

HA -! TWO MORE NEW NAVY PLANES WHICH WE CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF!

YES - AND DON'T FORGET MASON, THE PRISONER!

GREAT SCOTT!! SO MASON IS ALIVE - I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM -





AT THE COMMANDER'S CABIN.....



MASON ACTS QUICKLY...



LEAVING THE COMMANDER AND HIS MEN IN CONFUSION, MASON AND THE HOOD RUSH OUT.....



BUT THE REMAINING MEN HAVE HEARD THE COMMOTION...

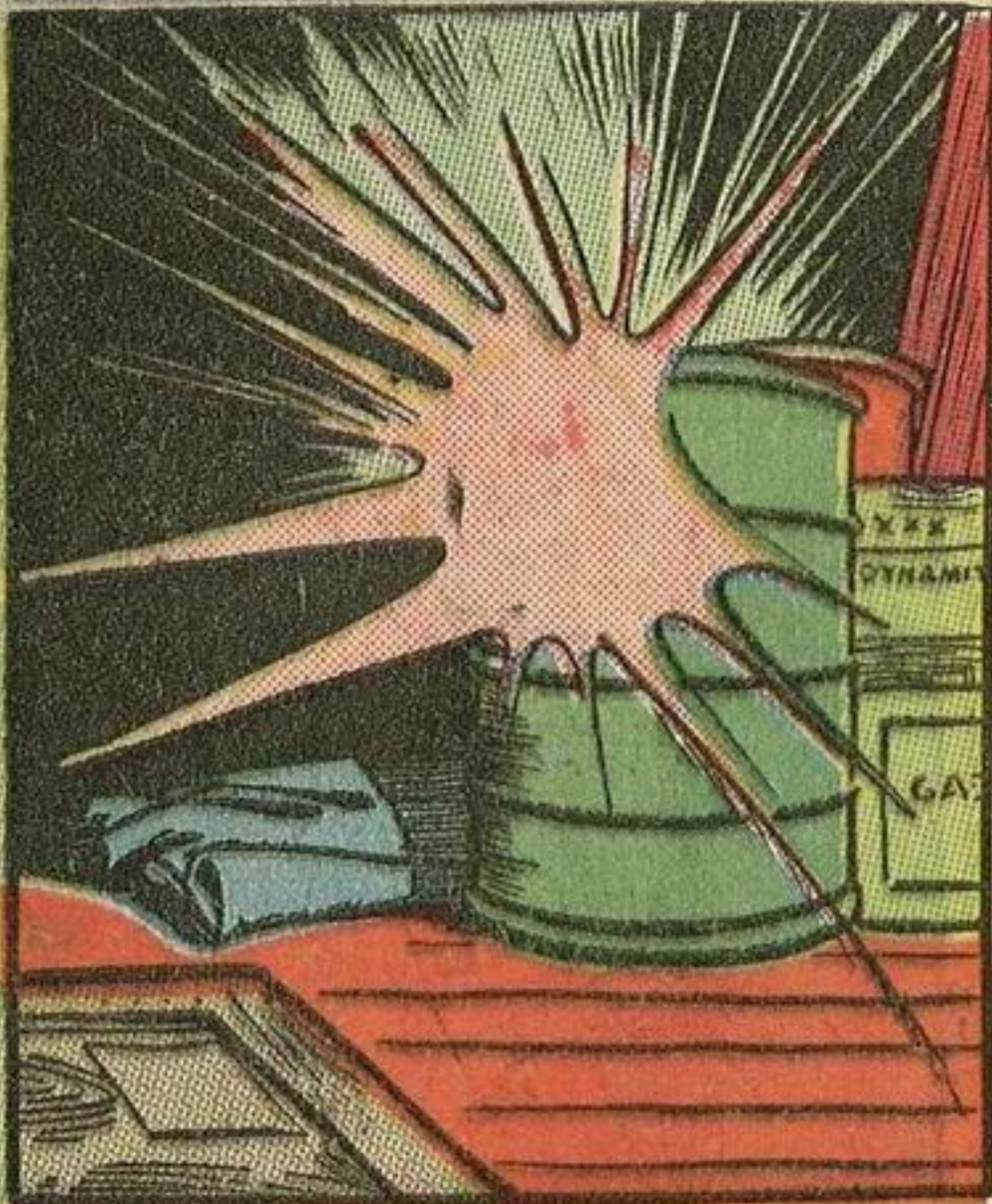


SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL FROM MASON...





THE COMMANDER'S SHOT GOES WILD AND HITS SOME OILCANS—



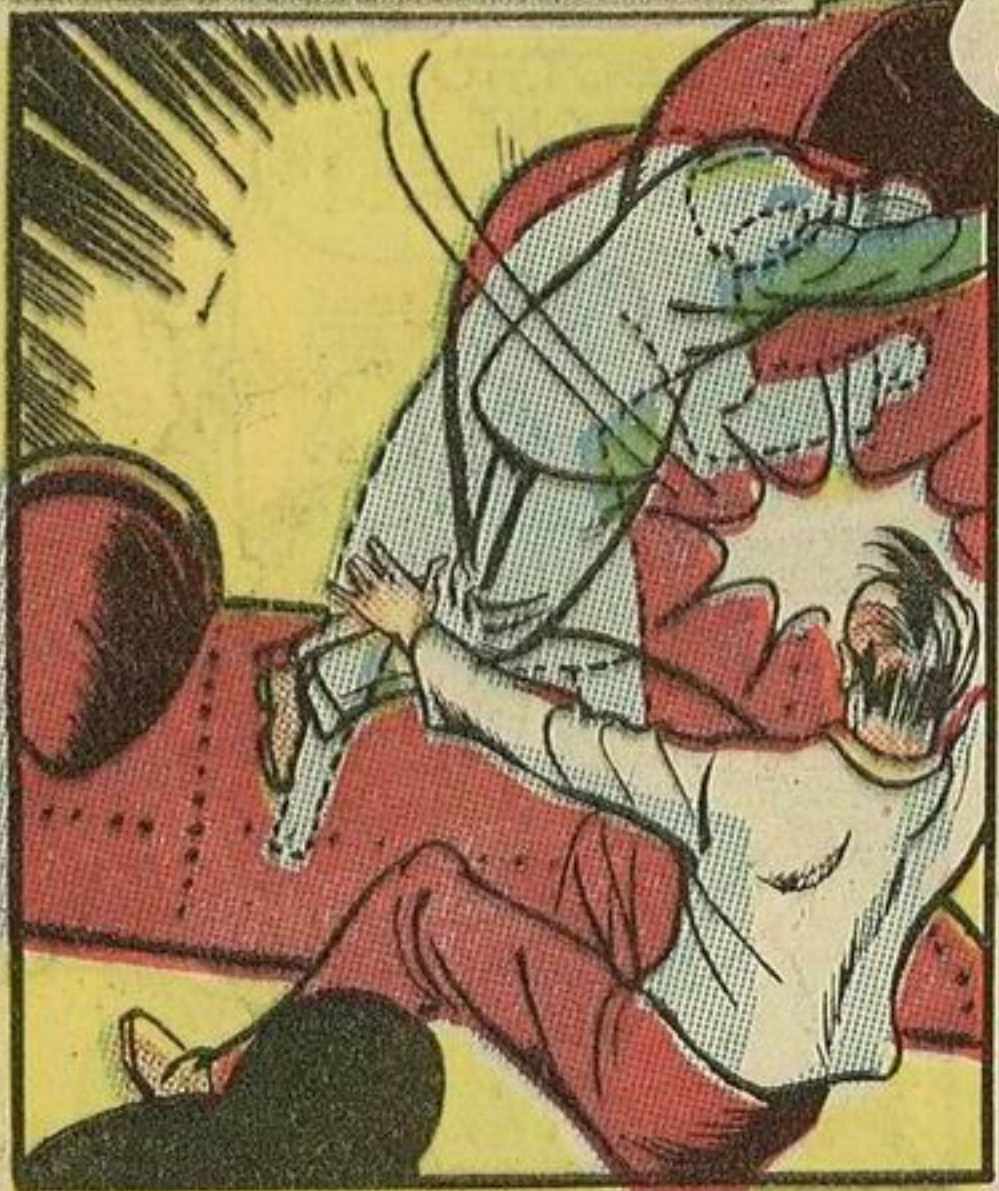
AS THE FLAMES SPREAD, PANIC AND CONFUSION REIGN ON THE DIRIGIBLE.....



BUT AS MASON AND THE HOOD MAKE FOR ONE OF THE PLANES...



PICKING UP THE DAZED MASON, THE HOOD BATTLES ON...



MASON'S IN—THE WHOLE ZEP IS QUIVERING...



AS THE PLANE SHOOT'S CLEAR THERE IS A SUDDEN BURST OF FLAMES WHICH ENVELOPE THE GIANT AIR MONSTER.....



THE PLANE HITS WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT....



WHERE AM I? GREAT SCOTT!!—THERE'S NO ONE PILOTING THIS PLANE...AM I DREAMING?

FROM WHAT WE JUST WENT THROUGH, MASON I MIGHT SAY YES!





# The PURPLE TRIO

by S.M. REGI

EX-VAUDEVILLIANS, WARREN, A VENTRILOQUIST, ROCKY, A STRONG MAN AND THEIR MIDGET PAL, TINY, PLAY THEIR MOST EXCITING ENGAGEMENTS OFF-STAGE, WITH THE WHOLE WORLD THEIR APPLAUDING AUDIENCE.



IT IS A LOVELY DAY.. TINY, THE MIDGET THIRD OF THE PURPLE TRIO, SAUNTERS INTO THE PARK.

SUDDENLY HE STOPS SHORT.

ER... HUH? AW GOSH! I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS!

BUT THERE, BETWEEN TINY'S PALS WARREN AND ROCKY, SITS.. ANOTHER MIDGET!

LIKE HIM, ROCKY?

YEAH.. LIKE ME?

HO! HO! HE'S GOOD! GREAT!!









IN MADAME ZAGONGA'S SEANCE CHAMBER, THE TRIO SITS SOLEMNLY IN THE DARK.

QUIET.. I CON-  
CENTRATE ON  
YOUR FUTURES.  
I SEE... I SEE..

YEAH?  
WHADDYA  
SEE?

SHH!

THE GYPSY MEDIUM "CONCENTRATES" WHILE A HAND REACHES SILENTLY FOR OSWALD.

AH...THE  
VOICES OF THE  
DEAD PAST COME  
TO ME... I SEE A  
DIM LIGHT.

A SIGNAL FROM WARREN  
SENDS TINY TO THE FLOOR

MADAME ZAGONGA  
YOU ARE A  
**FAKE!**

THAT'S WARREN  
SCARIN' THE WITS  
OUTTA HER!

AT ANOTHER SIGNAL, TINY TIPS THE  
TABLE.

IT'S MOVING!  
..AND I'M NOT  
DOING IT! THERE  
ARE OTHER  
SPIRITS HERE!

W-WHO T-TURNED  
ON THE L-LIGHT?  
R-REAL SPIRITS!

THE JOKE'S ON YOU,  
MADAME ZAGONGA!  
I'M A VENTRILOQUIST..  
JUST TOSSED MY  
VOICE AROUND!

SO? YOU THEENK  
THAT  
FUNNEE?

SUDDENLY TINY INTERRUPTS.

HEY!  
OSWALD'S  
GONE!

HUH?

HE WASN'T  
"SPIRITED" AWAY!  
WHAT'S YOUR  
GAME, MADAME?

NO..NO!  
N-NOT  
ME..IN  
THERE!



THE TRIO DASHES INTO THE NEXT ROOM.

THERE'S OSWALD!

B-BUT WHERE'S HIS HEAD?



THERE, LOOK! THOSE TWO WHO TALKED US INTO COMIN' HERE SWIPED OSWALD'S HEAD!



IMMEDIATELY THEY START OUT THE WINDOW.

QUICK! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!!



BUT...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE... PUT YOUR HANDS UP!



BUT MADAME ZAGONGA, IF WE DON'T GET THAT DUMMY'S HEAD BACK, OUR ACT'LL BE CANCELED... AND WE NEED THE MONEY!

YOU'LL GET IT BACK... LATER!



DISGUSTED WARREN TURNS TO ROCKY, WHO TAPS NERVOUSLY AS HE STARES AT THE CEILING.

THE MEN WHO STOLE YOUR DOLL'S HEAD ARE DRIVING TO BROWNSVILLE..



WARREN'S EYES FOLLOW ROCKY'S LEAD..THE TAPPING VIBRATION HAS JARRED A TAMBOURINE FROM ITS HOOK.

THEY WILL RETURN WITH IT AT TEN TONIGHT!



MADAME ZAGONGA LOOKS UP..JUST AS THE TAMBOURINE FALLS.



IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND,THE MADAME IS A PRISONER.

TIE HER UP, TINY!

O.K.!

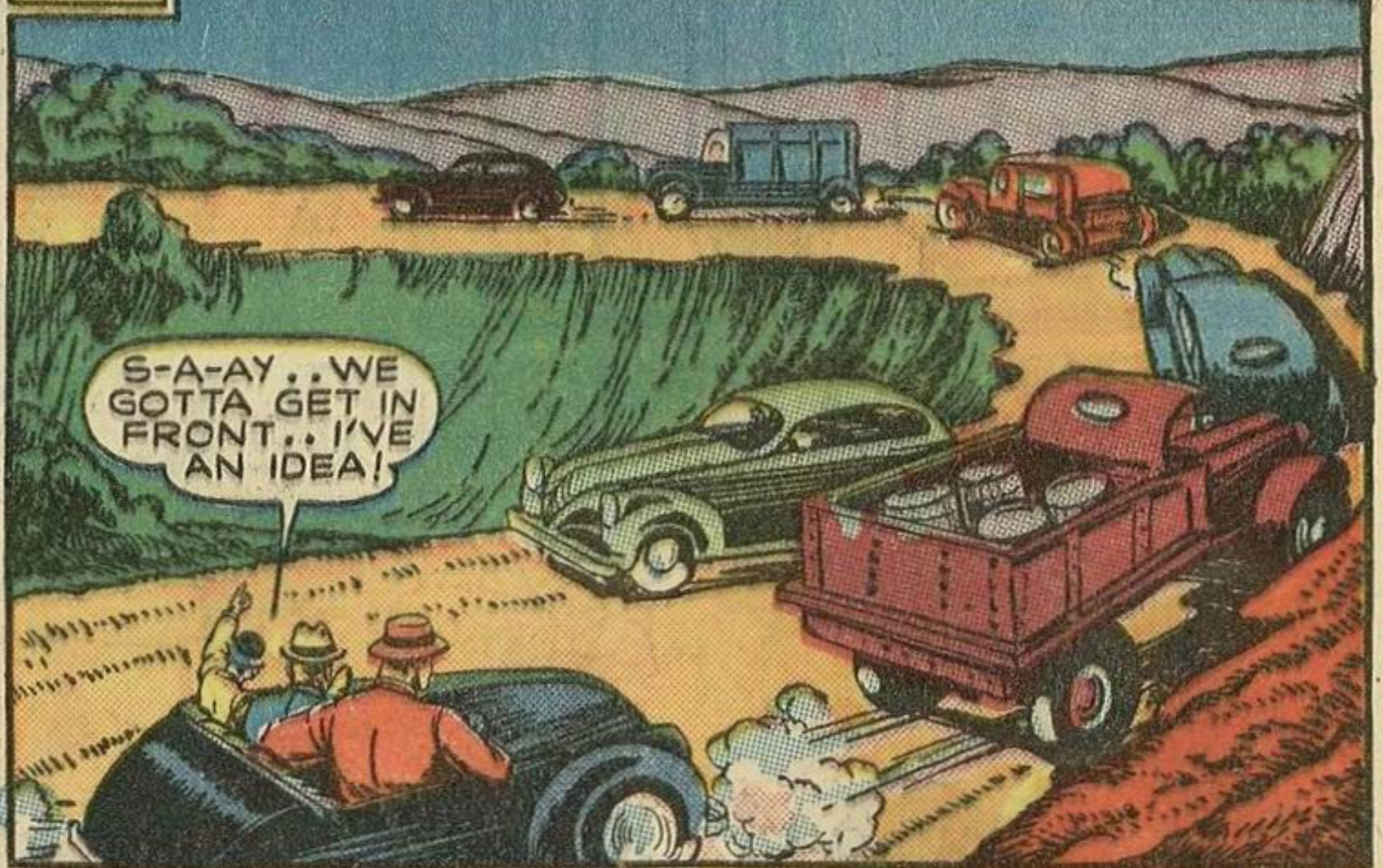




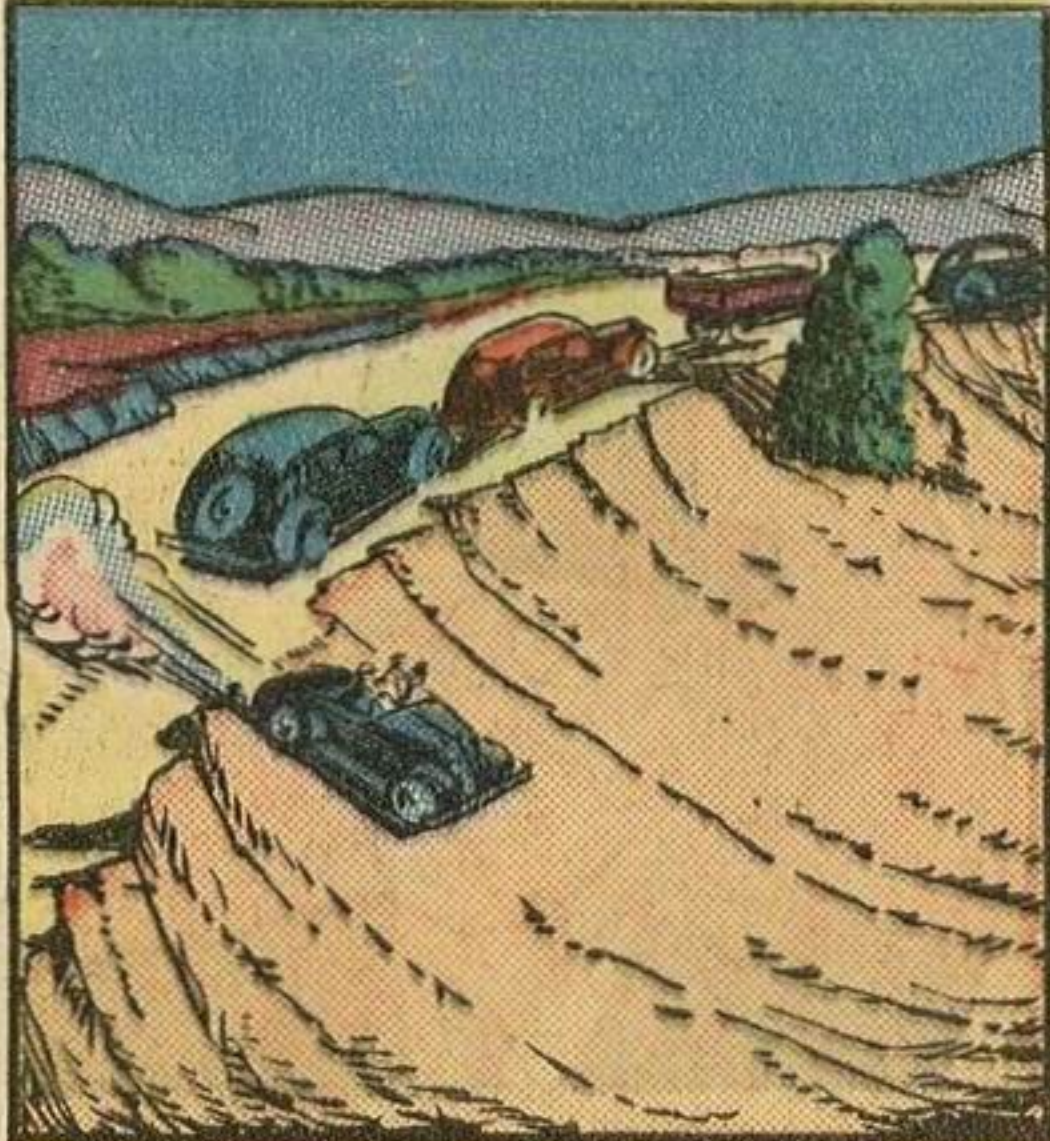
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, TINY'S SPEEDSTER "BABY" HITS THE HIGHWAY TO BROWNSVILLE.



AT A HORSESHOE CURVE, THEY ARE CAUGHT IN A TRAFFIC JAM.



SWERVING OFF THE ROAD, TINY CUTS THE WIDTH BETWEEN THE U CURVE BY NOSING INTO A DEEP EXCAVATION.



HE ROARS UP ON THE OTHER SIDE... RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CROOKS' CAR.



BY THE TIME THE POLICE ARRIVE THE PURPLE TRIO HAS THE THUGS WELL DUSTED.



WE NEED YOUR DUMMY FOR EVIDENCE... THOSE CROOKS HID THE STOLEN VAN BLOAKE DIAMOND NECKLACE IN ITS HEAD!



AND TINY MUST TAKE WARREN'S RIBBING LIKE A SPORT.

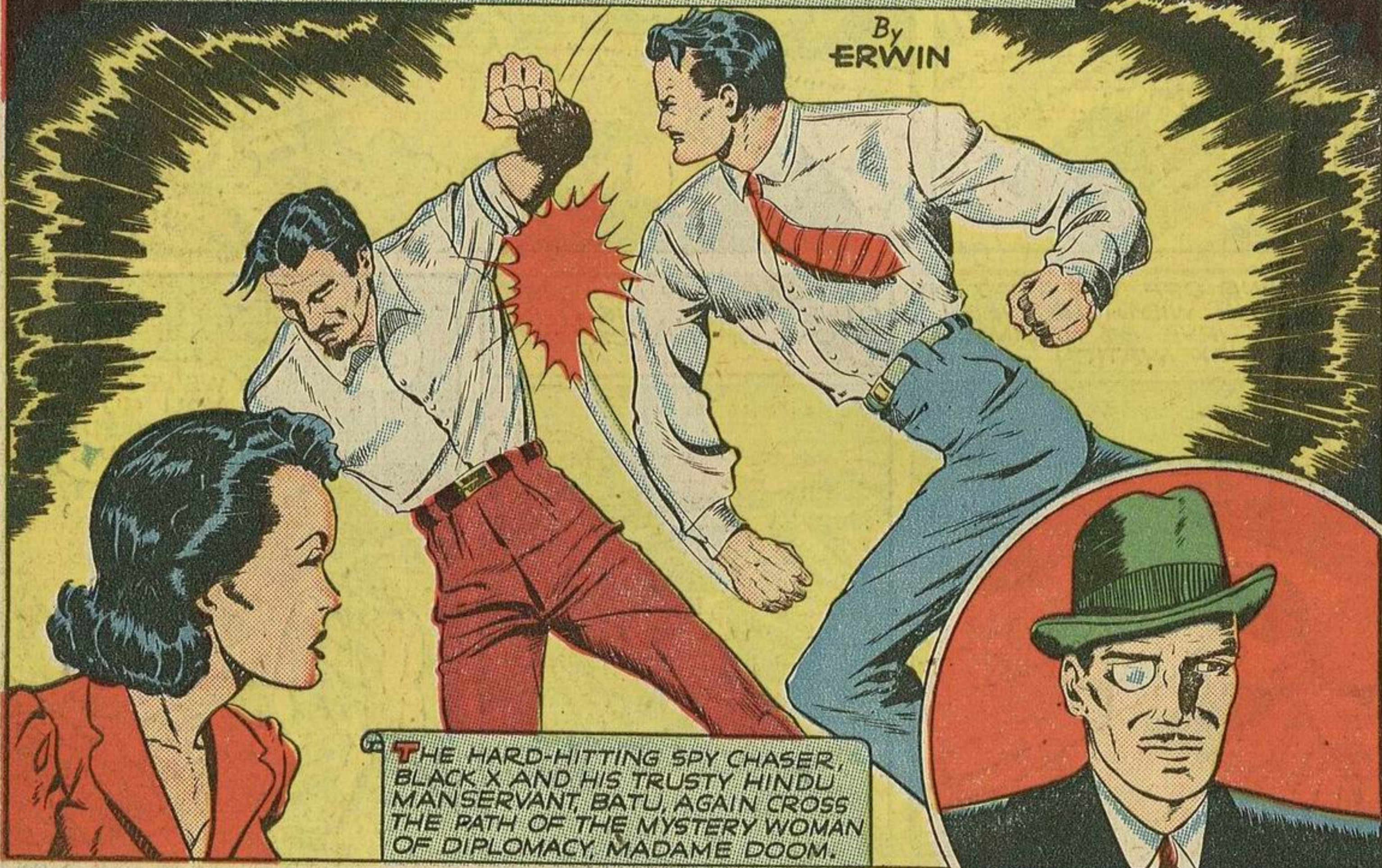




# ESPIONAGE

## STARRING BLACK X

By  
ERWIN



THE HARD-HITTING SPY CHASER, BLACK X AND HIS TRUSTY HINDU MANSERVANT, BATU, AGAIN CROSS THE PATH OF THE MYSTERY WOMAN OF DIPLOMACY, MADAME DOOM.

BLACK X IS ON HIS WAY TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT CODE ROOM.

IN DESPERATE HASTE, THE GUARD DOES NOT STOP UNTIL . . .

COLONEL ATWATER'S MESSAGE WAS URGENT. . . I WONDER WHAT'S THE TROUBLE!



SAY, OLD FELLOW! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?



SPEAK UP. . . YOU WERE RUNNING LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS AFTER YOU!





BREATHLESSLY THE GUARD STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET.

UH... I WAS TAKING A MESSENGER FROM COLONEL ATWATER'S OFFICE WITH A CASE OF CHARTS. SUDDENLY HE DISAPPEARED!



SPRINGING TO AN OPEN WINDOW, BLACK X SPOTS THE MESSENGER GETTING INTO A CAR.

THAT'S MADAME DOOM BEHIND HIM! THAT MEANS THERE'S A PLANNED CONSPIRACY AFOOT!



I CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY WITH THE NAVY'S LATEST CHARTS OF THE WEST INDIES! I'VE GOT TO HIT THAT GAS TANK OR THE TIRES!



BUT HIS SHOTS FAIL TO HALT THE FLEEING SEDAN SO BLACK X RACES DOWN TO HIS OWN CAR AND FINDS...

SWIFT AS A FLASH THE ESPIONAGE AGENT ROARS OFF IN PURSUIT.

FAR AHEAD MADAME DOOM ORDERS HER HENCHMAN TO PAY OFF THE MESSENGER.

BATU! WHAT'S... OH! HE'S BEEN CHLOROFORMED!



MADAME DOOM'S CAR IS OUT OF SIGHT BUT UNLESS SHE BACKTRACKS, I'LL CATCH UP WITH HER!



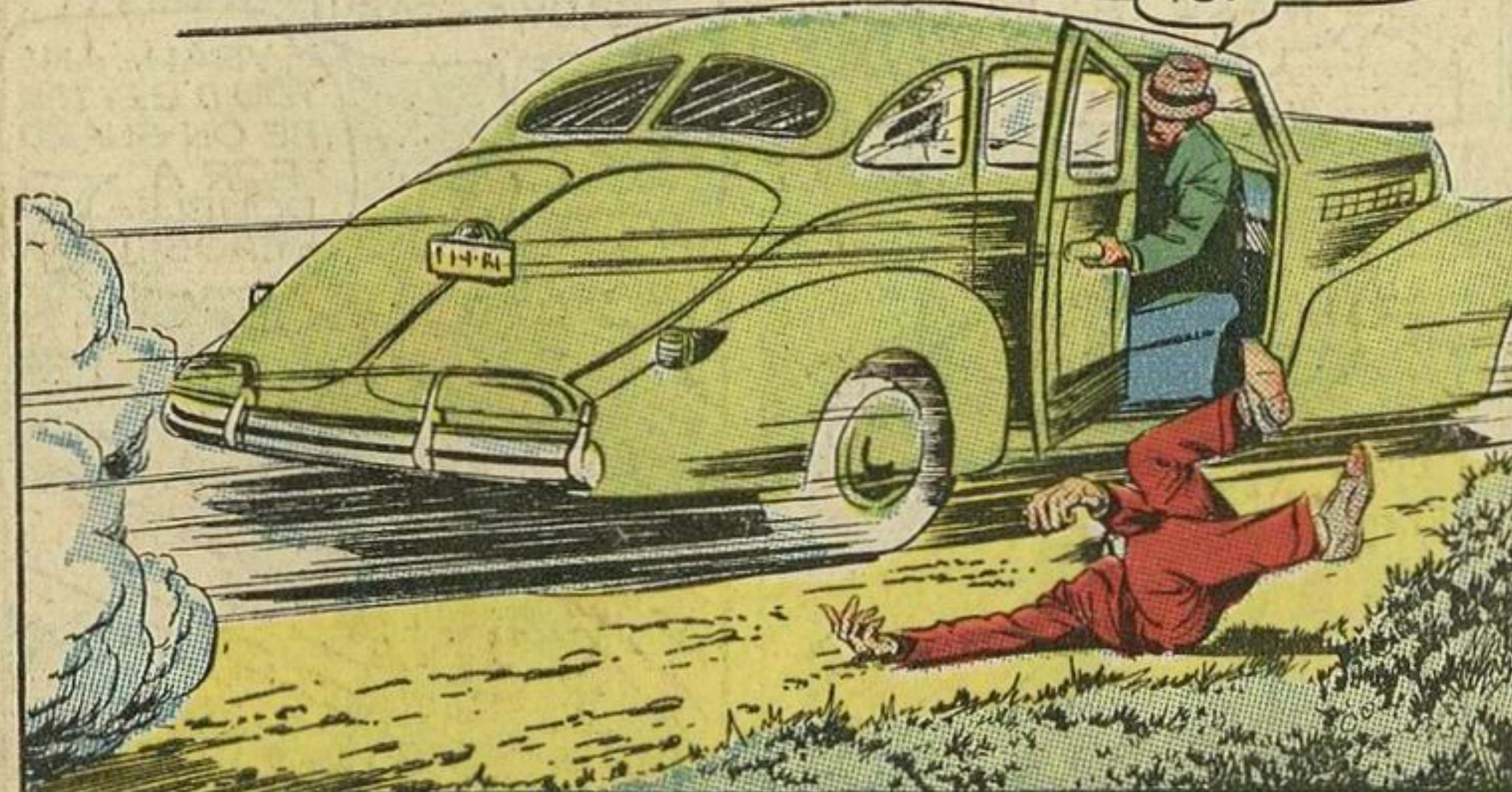
LET HIM SQUEAL TO THE F.B.I.! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US!

OKAY... HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF, CHUMP!



THE SEDAN IS HITTING FIFTY WHEN THE MESSENGER IS SHOVED OUT... HE STRIKES THE CONCRETE AND ROLLS INTO A CLUMP OF BUSHES.

WE'LL HAVE DITCHED THIS CAR BY THE TIME THAT GUY COMES TO!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER BLACK X WHIZZES PAST THE SPOT.

YES MASTER, THAT COOL AIR REVIVED YOU, BATU?

YES MASTER, I REGRET TO ADMIT THAT MADAME DOOM CAUGHT ME UNAWARES. WE ARE ON HER TRAIL?





SEVERAL MILES AHEAD, MADAME DOOM REACHES A SEAPLANE HANGAR ON THE PATOMAC.

HERE'S WHERE WE GIVE THE SLIP TO BLACK X AND THE F.B.I.



NOW WE'RE HERE MADAME DOOM, HOW ABOUT GIVIN' ME THE LOWDOWN ON THIS JOB?

SURE, OSCAR..I'M TAKING THESE CHARTS TO CAPTAIN VIDMAN ON TORTUGA ISLE AND COLLECTING TEN

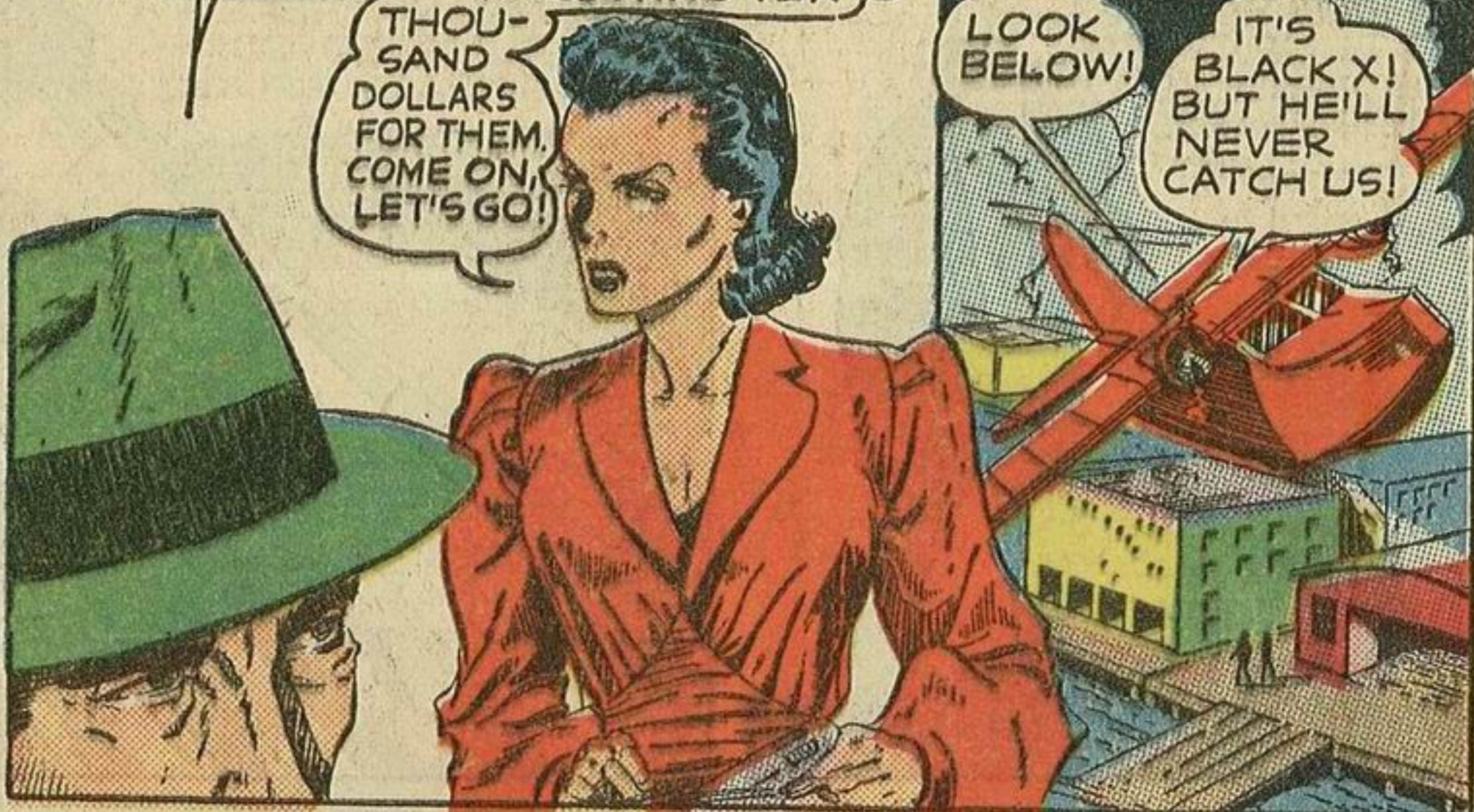
THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THEM. COME ON, LET'S GO!



AS THE POWERFUL PLANE ZOOMS SKYWARD, BLACK X AND BATU ARRIVE AT THE PIER.

LOOK BELOW!

IT'S BLACK X! BUT HE'LL NEVER CATCH US!



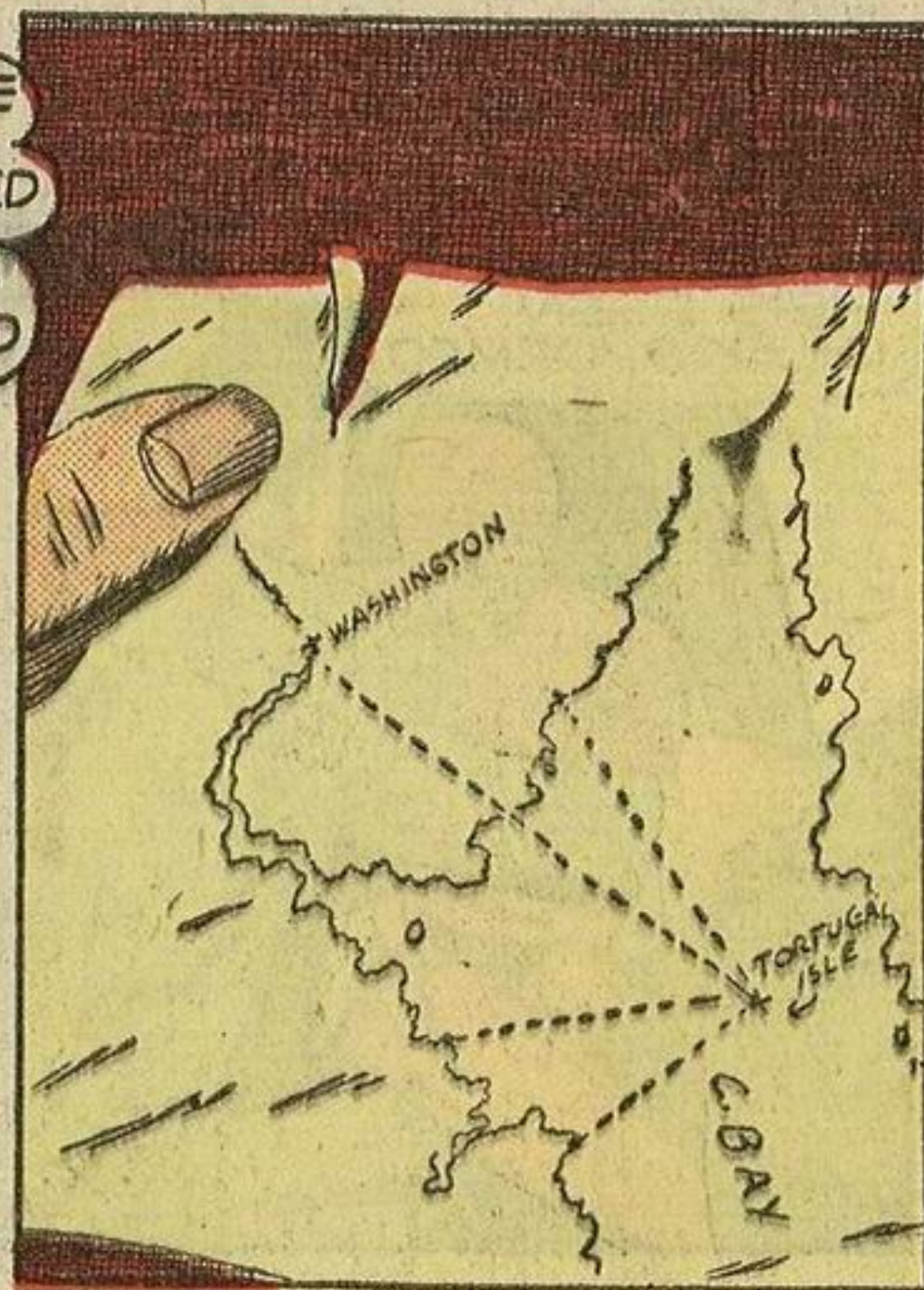
CURSE OUR LUCK, BATU! WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE GOT OF STOPPING HER NOW?

LOOK, MASTER.. THIS MAY GIVE US A CLUE!



IT SEEMS TO BE A CRUDE MAP OF THE AIR ROUTE BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND TORTUGA ISLE!

SAY..MADAME DOOM MUST HAVE DROPPED THAT! IT MAY BE A RED HER-RING BUT WE'D BETTER TRY IT!



SEE THAT SPEED BOAT TIED UP BELOW? WE HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO TAKE IT. HERE WE GO!

IT WILL BE A PERILOUS RUN IN SO SMALL A CRAFT, MASTER, BUT VERY EX-CITING!



WITH BLACK X AT THE WHEEL, THE SPEEDBOAT CHURNS DOWN THE PATOMAC.

LUCKILY THE FUEL TANK IS FULL! WE'LL MAKE THE ISLAND BY SUNDOWN!



MEANWHILE MADAME DOOM'S SHIP NEARS ITS DESTINATION.

I TRUST THAT CAPTAIN VIDMAN HAS THE CASH READY, OSCAR!

YEAH..AN' YOU'D BETTER BE ON GUARD FOR A DOUBLE-CROSS!





LANDING ON THE BEACH, THEY ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY. . . .

HELLO THERE, CAPTAIN VIDMAN!

AH, I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU SO SOON, MADAME.

BUT YOU HAVE THE TEN THOUSAND READY FOR ME? I'VE BROUGHT THE U.S. NAVY CHARTS.

ER... YES, OF COURSE! COME TO OUR HEAD-QUARTERS!

MADAME DOOM AND OSCAR FOLLOW HESITANTLY. . . .

I HOPE SHE HAS THE REAL CHARTS, NOT A PHONEY SET.

I'VE GOT TO WATCH THIS FELLOW. HE'S PRETTY SHREWD!

SUDDENLY A MAN SPRINGS UPON MADAME DOOM AND OSCAR REACHES FOR HIS GUN.

OKAY, SISTER. TAKE IT EASY!

HEY! YOU CAN'T.

SNARLING, VIDMAN FIRES INTO OSCAR'S BACK. . .

NO MORE INTERFERENCE FROM YOU, MISTER!

MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, MADAME. . . AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME TREATMENT! NOW, THAT CHART, PLEASE!

A LOOKOUT SHOUTS A WARNING TO THE SPY CAPTAIN. . .

CHIEF! A SPEEDBOAT IS COMING IN THE COVE!

CALL THE MEN AND SPREAD OUT BEHIND THE ROCKS!

WITHOUT SLACKENING SPEED, BLACK X TURNS SHARPLY. . . .

THERE'S OUR GIRL FRIEND'S PLANE, BATU! GET READY TO HOP ASHORE!

I SUSPECT WE WILL MEET OPPOSITION, MASTER!

FEARLESSLY, BLACK X AND BATU LEAP ASHORE. . . .

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BATU... I SEE SOMEONE MOVING UP THERE.

YES, MASTER, AND THERE'S MORE THAN ONE!



VIDMAN'S SPY MOB GREET'S THEM WITH A SUDDEN DEADLY HAIL.

LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BUT A BRACE OF FORTY-FIVES FLAME IN BLACK X'S HANDS.

I GOT THAT ONE! GO TO THE LEFT, BATU!

YES, MASTER.. I SEE AN OPENING!



THE FAMED ESPIONAGE AGENT SCORES ANOTHER HIT.

OH!...UH.. HELP! KILL THOSE SNOOPERS!



BATU PROJECTS HIS IMAGE, HINDU FASHION, TO DRAW THE SPIES' FIRE.

NOW I CAN MAKE A BREAK FOR THEIR HIDEOUT!



BLACK X DOESN'T STOP TO TWIST THE DOORKNOB.

GET YOUR HANDS UP, EVERYBODY!



BUT THE SPY CAPTAIN IS ALREADY INSIDE.

IF YOUR FINGER TIGHTENS ON THAT TRIGGER, I'LL SHOOT!

SO IT'S YOU, BLACK X! DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE OR I'LL BLAST YOU APART!



I'VE GOT TO PLAY A COOL GAME... WITH NOT ANOTHER SHOT LEFT IN MY GUN!

YOU'RE STYMIED, BLACK X. MY MEN WILL BURST IN AT ANY MOMENT!

A SHARP RAP AT THE WINDOW MAKES VIDMAN TURN SUDDENLY.

WHO.. WHAT?

AHA! IT'S BATU'S IMAGE. HERE'S MY CHANCE!







IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE ESPIONAGE AGENT CRASHES INTO VIDMAN. .

WHY YOU, I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

I'VE GOT HIM, BATU!



BLACK X BREAKS THE DEATH GRIP ON HIS THROAT WITH A SUDDEN BLOW TO VIDMAN'S MID-RIF.

OOF!

STUGGLING TO HIS FEET, THE SPY MASTER LEADS WITH HIS CHIN.



ARRUGH!



QUICK AND SILENT AS A WRAITH, BATU SLIPS INSIDE AND WHIPS OUT HIS KNIFE. . . .

IT IS A PLEASURE, MADAME, TO SLASH YOUR BONDS.

BATU! BUT WHY?

HER HANDS TREMBLING, MADAME DOOM BACKS AWAY WARILY. . .



ER. . YOU WON'T HARM ME FOR CHLOROFORMING YOU BEFORE? REALLY, I HAD TO DO IT!

WITH A FLASH OF CAT-LIKE ACTION, SHE SCOOPS UP BLACK X'S AUTOMATIC.



THE SHE-DEVIL! I REGRET MY ERROR OF RELEASING HER, MASTER!

NO TIME FOR REGRETS, BATU! I'VE RECOVERED THE CHARTS. LET'S GO!

DON'T MOVE, EITHER OF YOU!

STILL GRIPPING BLACK X'S EMPTY GUN, SHE WATCHES AS HE AND BATU ROAR OFF.



WELL, OF ALL THE DOUBLE-CROSSING TRICKS! BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH THOSE TWO, WAIT AND SEE!

ADIOS, MADAME!

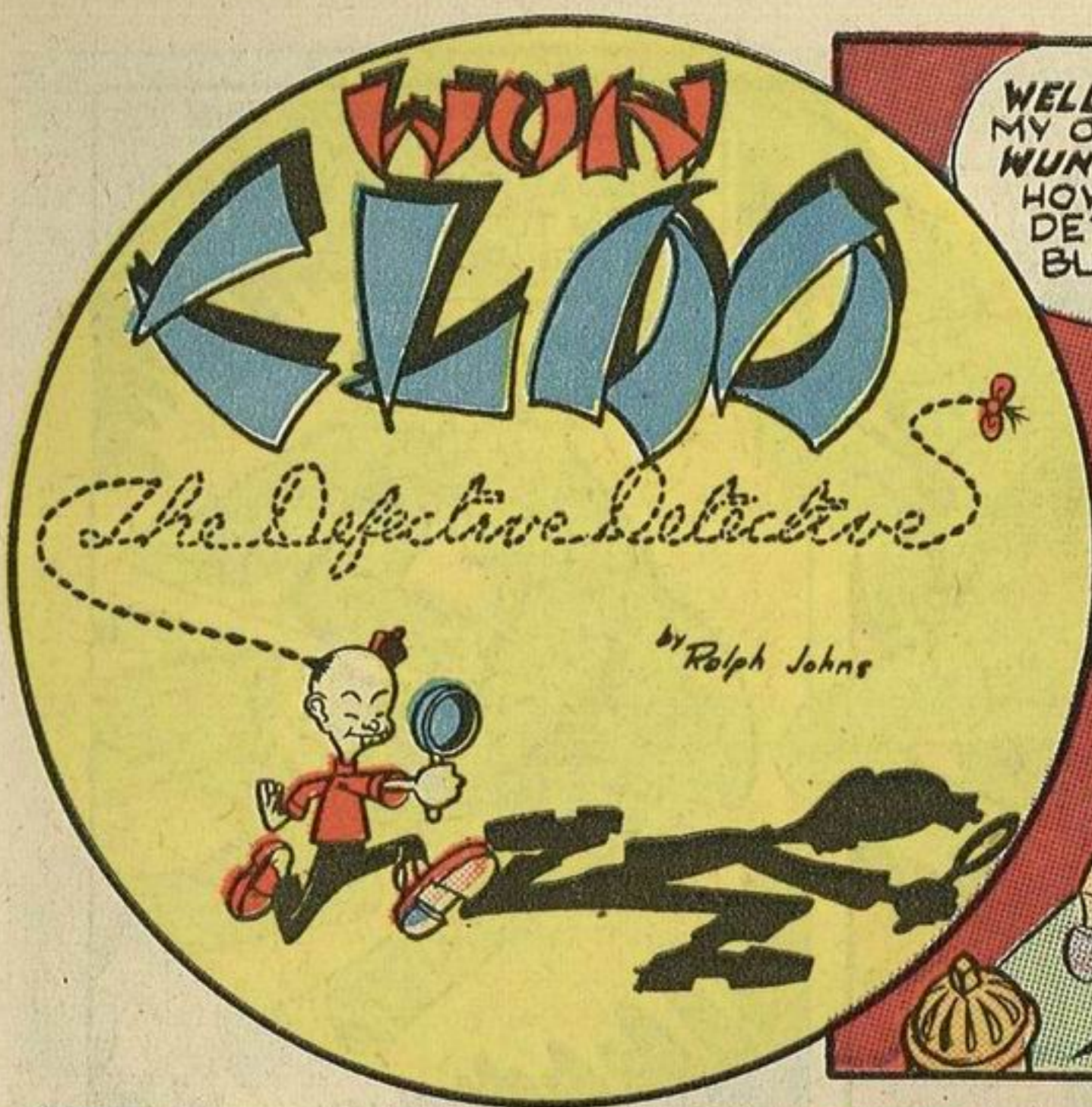
IN THEIR FAVORITE CAFE THE NEXT EVENING, BLACK X TURNS OVER THE NAVY CHARTS TO COLONEL ATWATER.



WE'VE SENT A COAST GUARD CREW TO BRING BACK VIDMAN'S GANG, BLACK X!

BUT I'VE A HUNCH, COLONEL, THAT MADAME DOOM WILL BE MISSING!



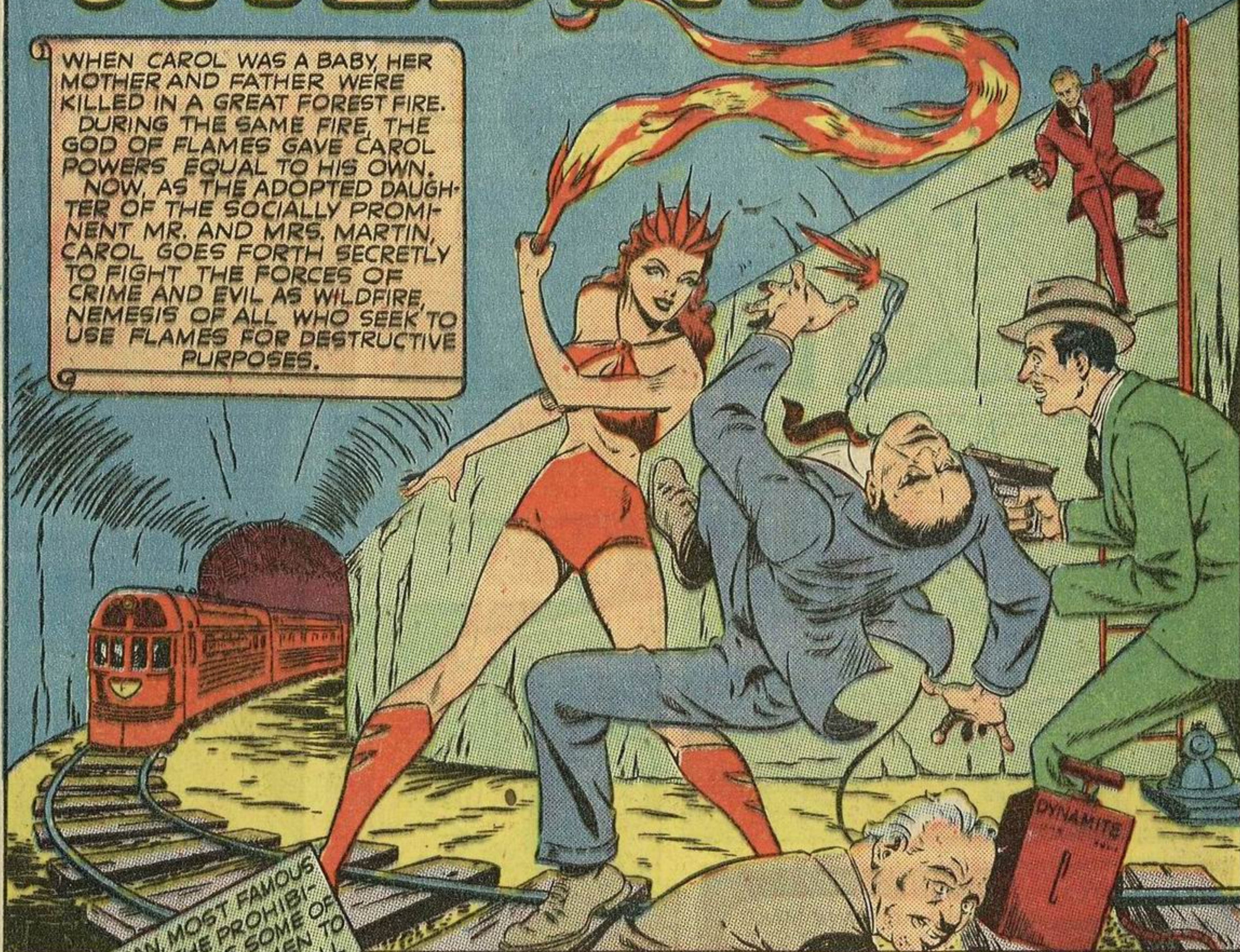




# WILDFIRE

BY  
JIM MOONEY  
AND  
BOB TURNER

WHEN CAROL WAS A BABY, HER MOTHER AND FATHER WERE KILLED IN A GREAT FOREST FIRE. DURING THE SAME FIRE, THE GOD OF FLAMES GAVE CAROL POWERS EQUAL TO HIS OWN. NOW, AS THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE SOCIALLY PROMINENT MR. AND MRS. MARTIN, CAROL GOES FORTH SECRETLY TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL AS WILDFIRE, NEMESIS OF ALL WHO SEEK TO USE FLAMES FOR DESTRUCTIVE PURPOSES.



MUTT MORGAN, MOST FAMOUS GANGSTER OF THE PROHIBITION ERA, SUMMONS SOME OF HIS OLD TIME MUSCLE MEN TO A SPECIAL MEETING IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN.

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS REUNION, MUTT? WE AIN'T ALL BEEN TOGETHER SINCE THE BOOTLEGGING DAYS!

SIMPLE ANSWER, BOYS! YOUR OLD BOSS, MUTT, IS BROKE. WE MADE OUR PILE IN THE OLD DAYS! WE'RE GONNA DO IT AGAIN!

I'VE BEEN TAKING UP LITERATURE, BOYS! I BEEN READING THIS HERE OLD DIME NOVEL CALLED JESSE JAMES AND THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY!

SO WHAT?

SO IT GAVE ME AN IDEA! ROBBING TRAINS WAS A GOOD GRAFT ONE TIME NO REASON WHY IT CAN'T BE DONE AGAIN TODAY!

YOU'RE CRAZY, MUTT, WE AIN'T NO COW-BOYS!





THAT'S JUST IT! WE'RE SMART GUYS! WE GOT MODERN EQUIPMENT AND NEW IDEAS! WE'LL MAKE THE JAMES BOYS AND ALL THOSE OTHER PUNKS LOOK LIKE BOY SCOUTS AT A TEA PARTY! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING PLANNED, LISTEN!...



A WEEK LATER, CAROL VANCE AND HER FOSTER PARENTS, THE MARTINS, ARE ABOARD THE SOUTHWEST FLIER.

IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THE CITY! I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS VACATION ON OUR RANCH!

ME TOO, ONLY I WISH THE WEST WAS WILD LIKE IT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS!

ALWAYS CRAVING EXCITEMENT, AREN'T YOU, CAROL?



JUST IMAGINE, IF THIS WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO, AT ANY MINUTE MASKED BANDITS MIGHT ENTER THE TRAIN AND...

HA! HA! WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE, CAROL! I'M AFRAID WE WON'T HAVE ANY TRAIN ROBBERIES FOR YOU THIS TRIP, CAROL!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE FLIER STARTS INTO THE GREAT TUNNEL WHICH CUTS THREE MILES STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF MAGIC MOUNTAIN.



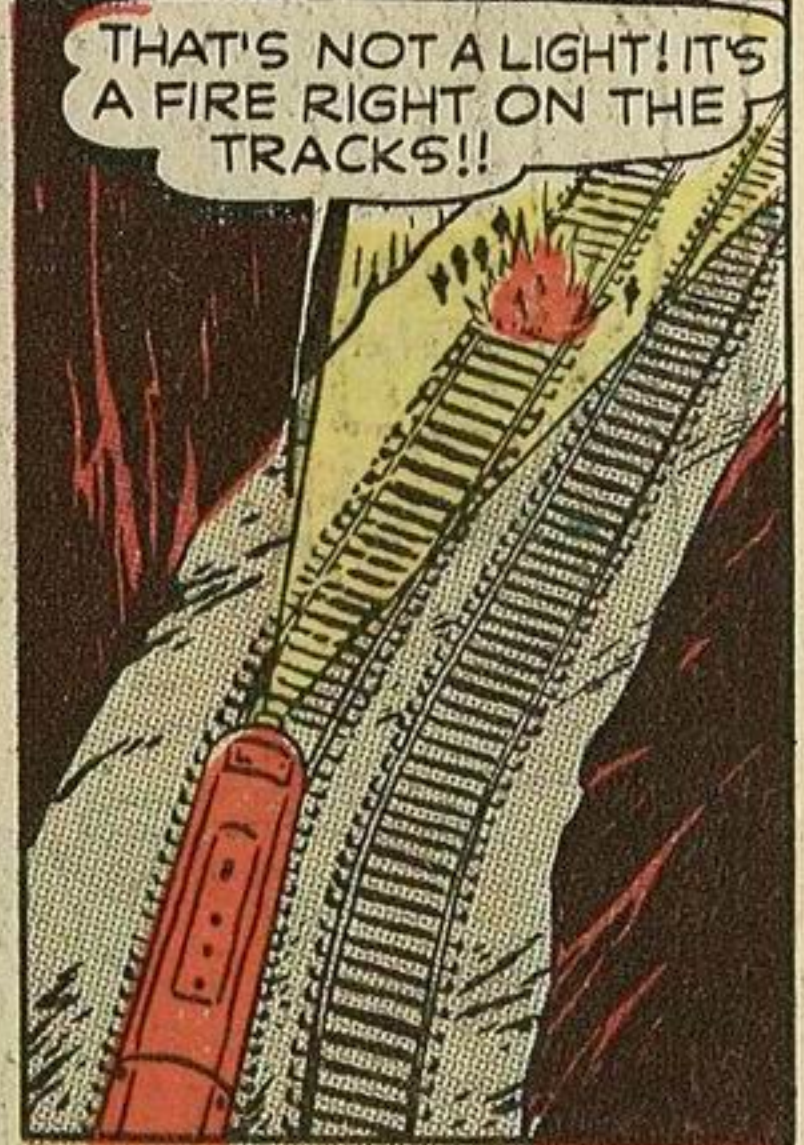
ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS IN THIS SUDDEN DARKNESS OR IS THAT A LIGHT UP AHEAD!

NOPE, THERE'S A LIGHT OF SOME KIND! MUST BE TRACK WORKMEN!



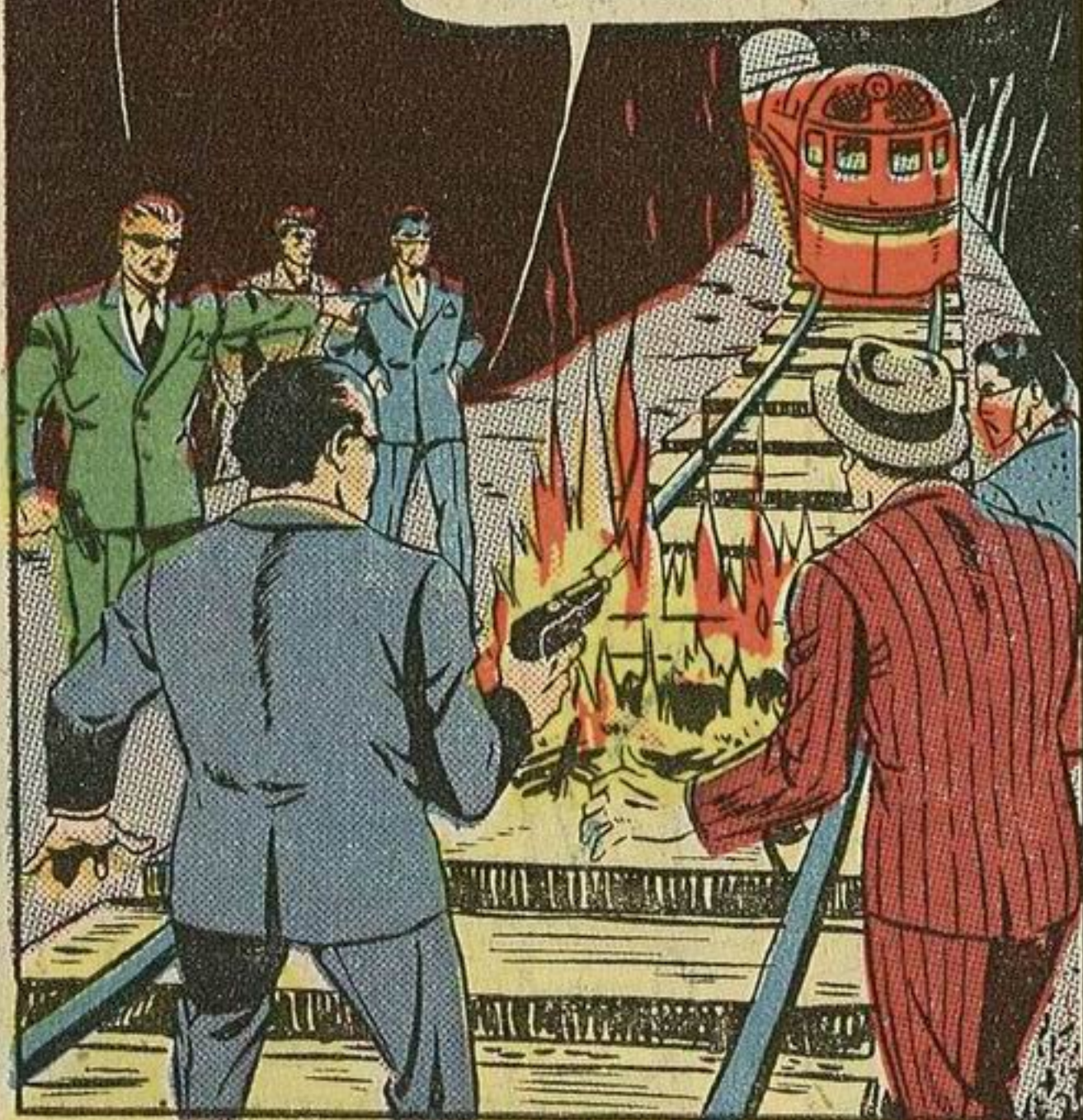
THE TRAIN SPEEDS ON INTO THE STYGIAN DARKNESS AND SOON...

THAT'S NOT A LIGHT! IT'S A FIRE RIGHT ON THE TRACKS!!



THEY'RE BRAKING TO A STOP, MUTT!

AND NOW WE MAKE OUR HAUL AND GET MILES AWAY BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP US!



THERE'S A HALF DOZEN MOVIE STARS ON THIS TRAIN! THEY OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A FEW GRAND AND THEN THERE'S THAT GOLD SHIPMENT IN THE BAGGAGE CAR!!

NICE PICKIN'S!



MASKED MEN! IT-IT'S A HOLDUP! WARN ALL THE PASSENGERS AND THE GUARDS IN THE BAGGAGE CARS!









FIRST I'D BETTER BORROW  
SOME OF THAT FIRE AND  
MAKE A WEAPON!



PLEASE! THE LOCKET IS OF NO  
VALUE TO YOU. .IT MEANS  
EVERYTHING TO ME. .IT'S A  
GIFT FROM MY DEAD HUS-  
BAND. . . IT. .IT HAS HIS PICTURE  
IN IT!!

OH, SO YOU'RE  
GOING TO GIVE US  
TROUBLE, EH?



JUST AS THE THUG SQUEEZES  
THE TRIGGER TO KILL MR.  
MARTIN. . .



EEEEYOW!

WILDFIRE REACHES IN-  
TO THE FLAMES, MOLDS  
QUICKLY WITH HER  
HANDS AND. . .

A SPEAR AND A BATTLE  
AXE OUGHT TO HELP  
ME CLEAN UP THIS  
GANG!



HERE'S A GIFT FROM  
ME, YOU OLD FOSSIL!

GUNS OR  
NO GUNS, I'M NOT  
GOING TO STAND BY  
AND WATCH THAT KIND  
OF BRUTALITY!



WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THAT  
FLAME DAME!

I'M GLAD I GOT HERE  
IN TIME TO SAVE MOM  
AND DAD!



WHILE INSIDE THE TRAIN. . . . .

OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE!  
WHY DOESN'T SOME-  
BODY DO SOMETHING?

DON'T ANY-  
BODY TRY  
TO HOLD  
OUT ANY-  
THING!



THAT OLD GUY'S  
MAKING TROUBLE,  
BLAST HIM!



THEN WILDFIRE PICKS UP THE  
FLAMING AXE, MOLDS IT INTO  
A LENGTH OF FIERY ROPE AND.

SO YOU LIKE TO PLAY  
COWBOY GAMES!

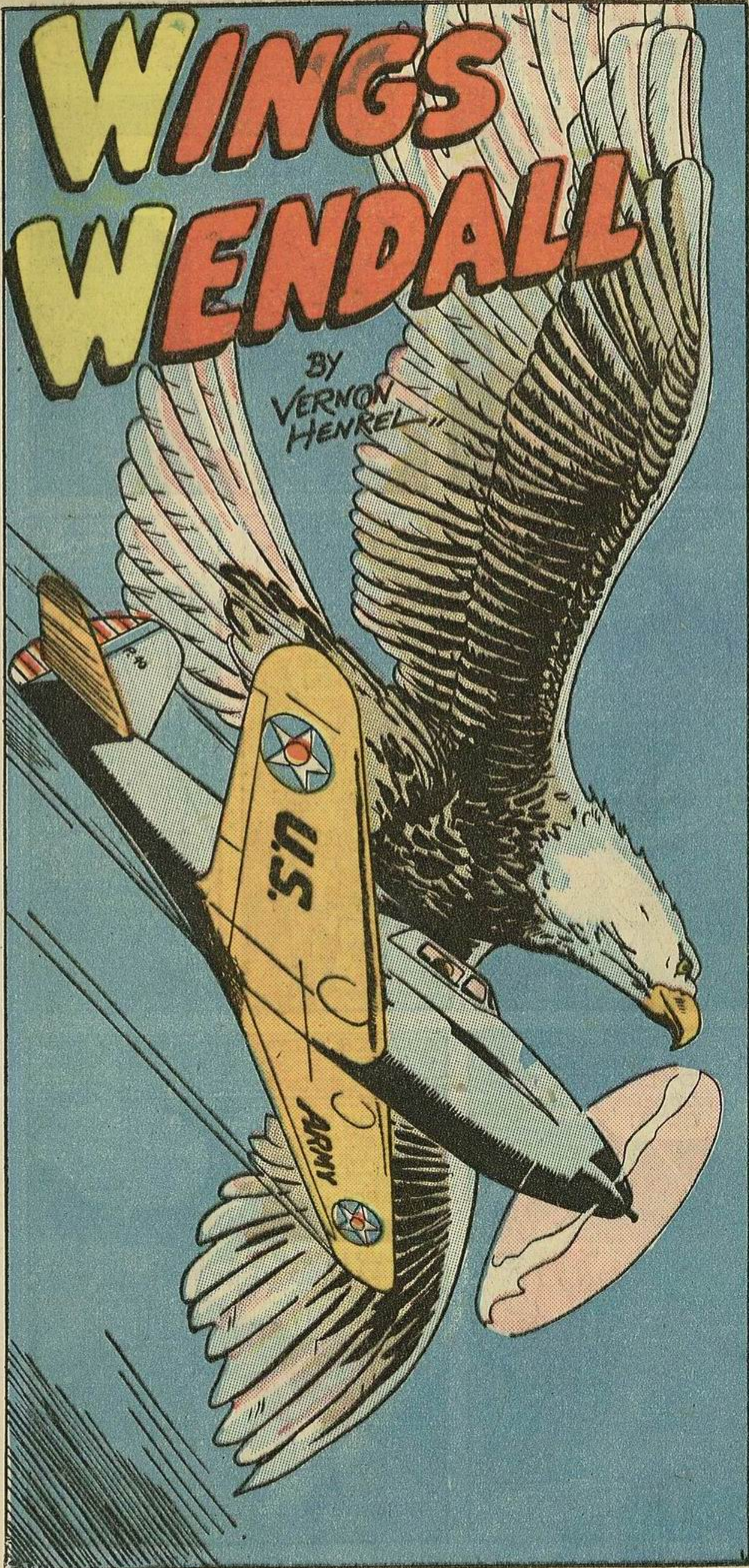
OUR BUL-  
LETS DIDN'T  
BOTHER HER  
A BIT! WH-WHAT'S  
SHE G-GOING TO  
DO NOW?







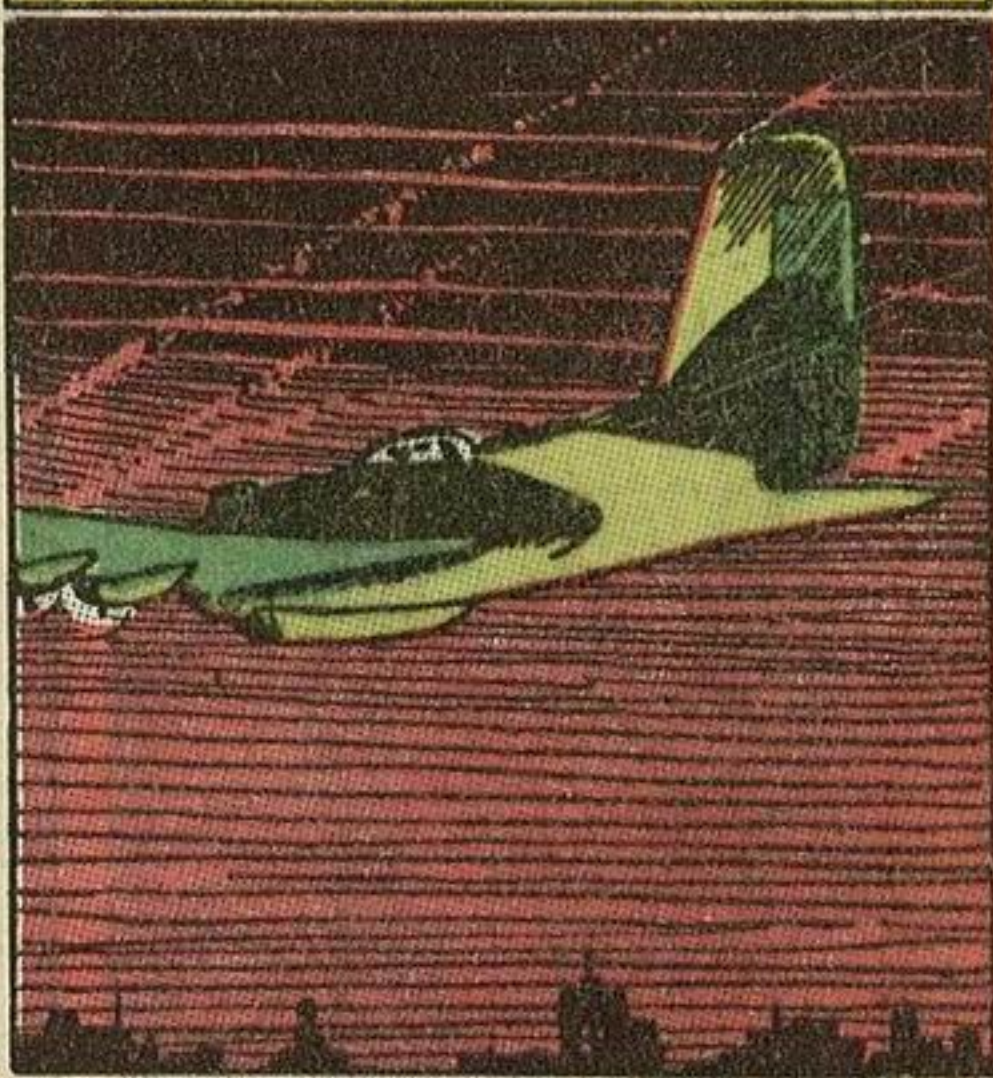




# WINGS WENDALL

BY  
VERNON  
HENREL

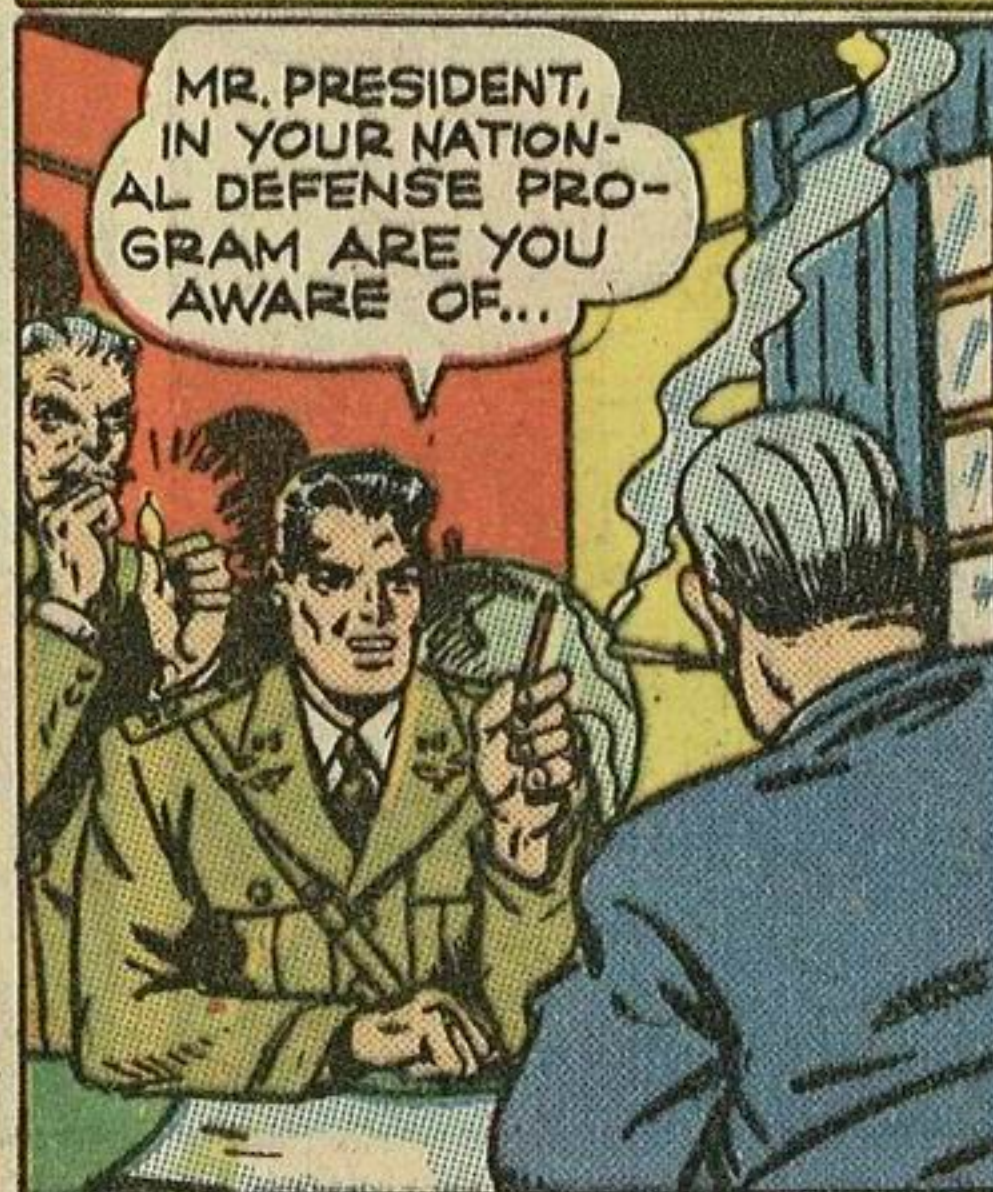
A PLANE DRONES HIGH ABOVE  
WASHINGTON WITH NO LIGHTS..IT  
IS DARK..NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION



THAT IS WHY THE FIGURE IS  
NOT NOTICED AS IT HURTTLES  
INTO SPACE WITH A PARACHUTE



LIGHTS ARE ON IN THE LEFT WING  
OF THE WHITE HOUSE,WE FIND  
WINGS WENDALL,THE GREAT  
FLYER,TALKING WITH THE PRESIDENT



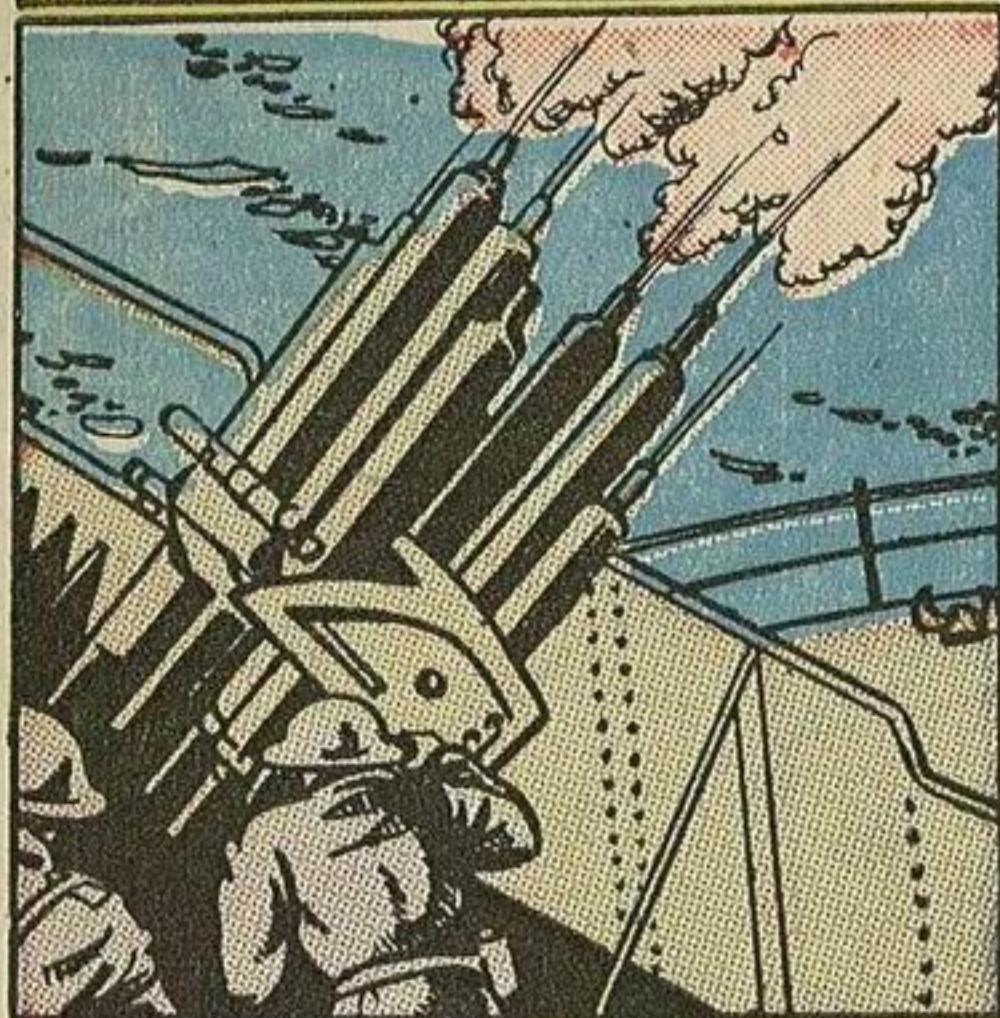
MR. PRESIDENT,  
IN YOUR NATION-  
AL DEFENSE PRO-  
GRAM ARE YOU  
AWARE OF...







FAST FIRING POMPOM GUNS  
OPEN UP ON THE BOMBER..



CAUGHT IN A WEB OF FLYING  
STEEL THE ENEMY CRAFT  
IS HIT...



AND PLUNGES TO ITS DEATH..



I SAY, CAPTAIN, ISN'T  
IT RATHER ODD THAT  
THE BOMBER WAS  
FLYING TOWARD  
EUROPE?

JOVE! YOU'RE  
RIGHT!



BACK IN  
WASHINGTON

IT'S AN UGLY  
CASE, WINGS, OUR  
PRISONER HAS  
REVIVED BUT HE  
REFUSES TO  
TALK!

HE MUST  
HAVE DROPPED  
FROM A PLANE..



A MESSENGER RUSHES  
IN..

CHIEF.. A WARSHIP  
ON NORTH ATLANTIC  
PATROL HAS  
REPORTED SHOOT-  
ING DOWN A LONG  
RANGE BOMBING  
PLANE FLYING  
FROM THE  
DIRECTION  
OF AMERICA!

THEN HE IS  
UNDOUBTEDLY  
IN THE SER-  
VICE OF AN  
ALIEN GOVERN-  
MENT.. LET ME  
SEE THE PRISONER!



SULLEN BUT STUBBORN  
THE ASSASSIN ENTERS.

WHAT IS  
YOUR NAME  
AND WHO  
SENT YOU  
HERE TO KILL  
THE PRESIDENT  
?

M'NAME'S  
JOHN SMITH..  
I TRIED TO  
CARRY OUT A  
MISSION FOR A  
GOOD CAUSE..  
THAT'S  
ALL!

HMMPF!







DO YOU DENY THAT YOU WERE CARRYING OUT ORDERS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT.. THAT YOU FLEW TO AMERICA TO KILL THE PRESIDENT?



I TOLD YA ALL I'M GONNA SAY.. YA CAN DO ANY-THING YA WANT!



IT'S NO USE, WINGS, WE CAN'T FORCE A CONFESSION FROM THIS OX! LOCK HIM UP!



OUR FRIEND JOHN SMITH IS EITHER A MADMAN OR A GENIUS.. HE TAKES FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS ACTION WITH NO FEAR!



HE IS COMPLETELY INSANE I ASSURE YOU GENTLEMEN!

WHO ARE YOU?



I AM DR. GOTH AND THIS IS NITA, JOHN'S SISTER

MY BROTHER IS A MENTAL CASE IN THE DOCTOR'S CARE!



I AM SORRY.. NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO SEE THE PRISONER!



HERE IS A NOTE OF CONFESSION THE PRISONER WROTE TO ME!



MY DEAR DR. GOTH, TOMORROW I AM GOING TO KILL THE PRESIDENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL MANKIND..  
John Smith.



HE WAS BROODING DEEPLY OVER WORLD AFFAIRS AND IN HIS CONDITION!



AS DR. GOTH TALKS, NITA TOUCHES HER CIGARETTE TO A WINDOW CURTAIN..

OH! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!



NITA THROWS A PACKAGE OF CHEMICALS INTO THE FIRE.. AND THE ROOM IS AFLAME!



IT IS YOU WE ARE GOING TO STOP, PIG!



WITH THE OFFICE IN AN INFERNO GOTH RUSHES INTO THE PRISONER'S ROOM..



YOUR PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE ENEMY ON ITS RETURN.. IF YOUR PLAN HAD SUCCEEDED OUR LEADER WOULD HAVE AWARDED YOU.. BUT YOU FAILED, KURT!

NO!



EXCELLENT WORK, NITA.. NOW WE MUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE

BANG!

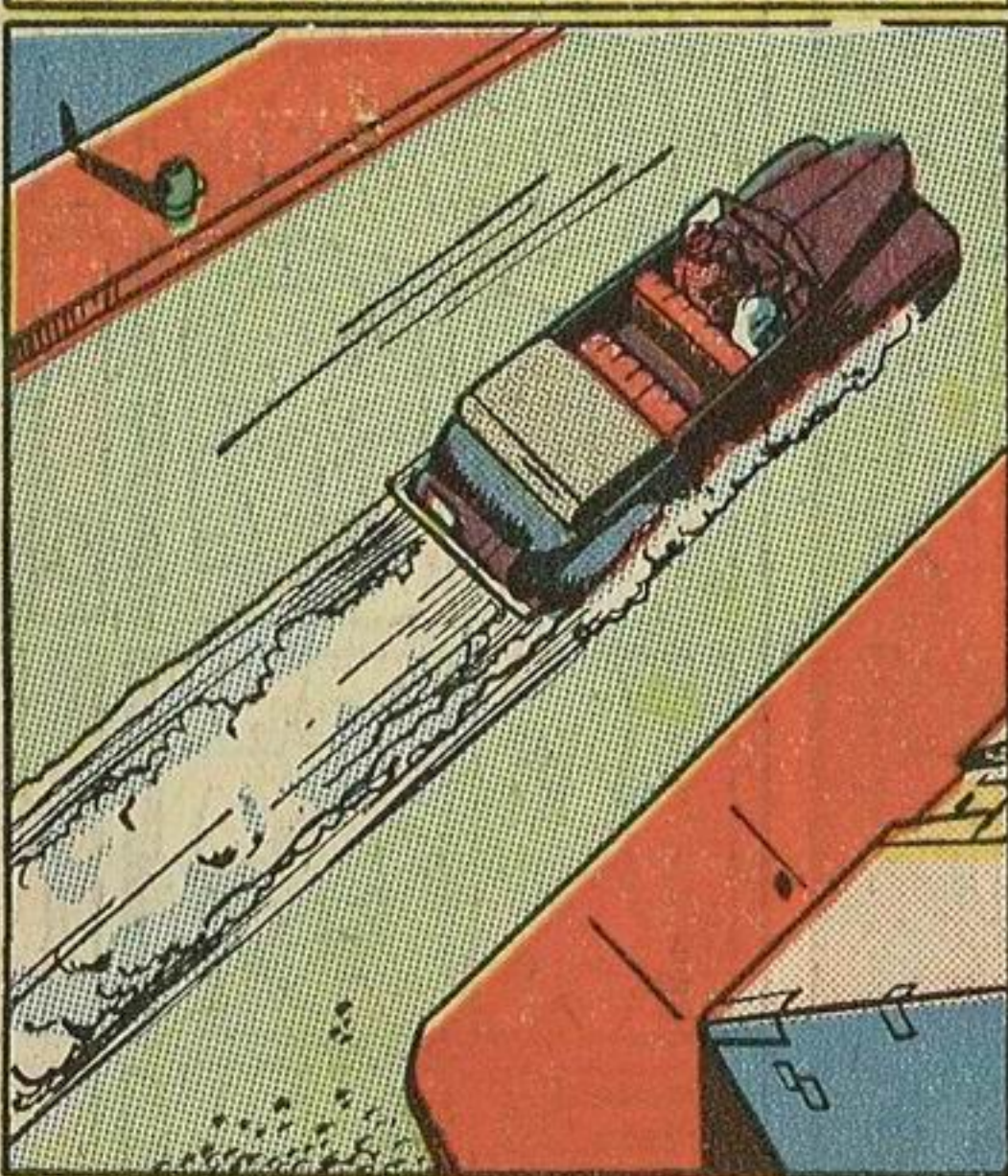
YAAA!



YOU MEN TAKE OVER.. I'M GOING AFTER THAT PAIR OF FOREIGN SPIES!



BUT DR. GOTH AND NITA ARE SPEEDING AWAY IN A FAST CAR..



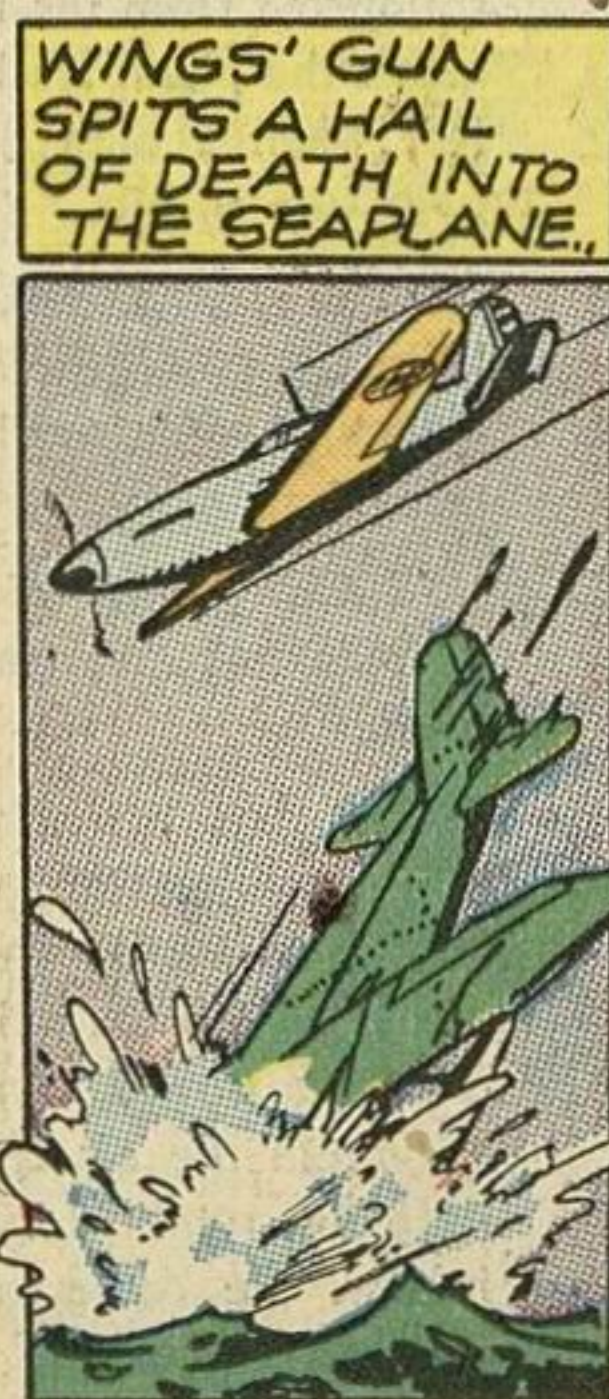
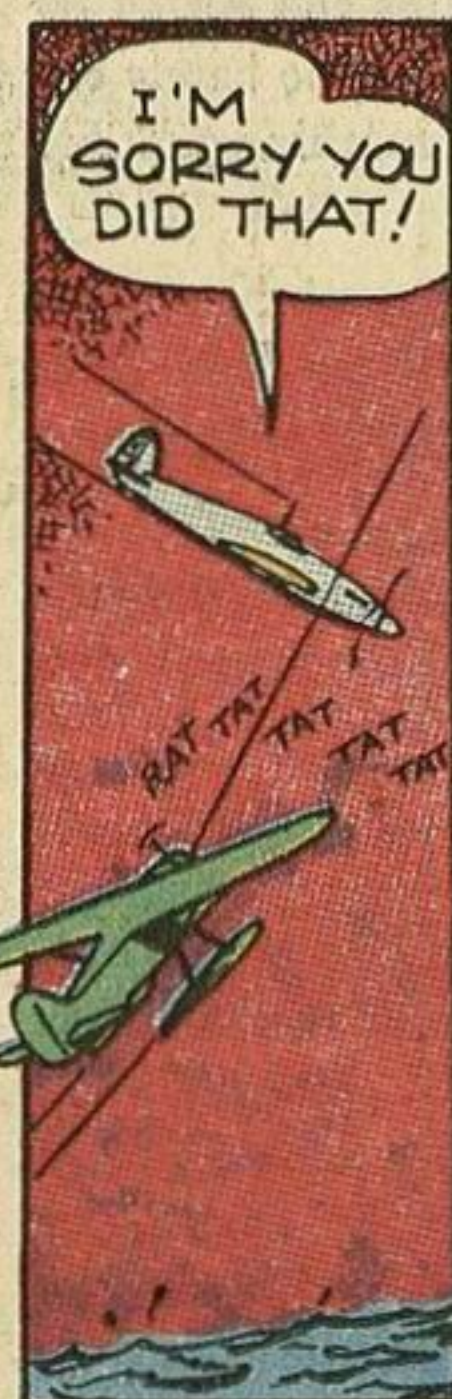
IF THEY GET AWAY THE CHIEF WILL TAKE MY STRIPES!



LOOK! THEY ARE AFTER US.. STEP ON IT!











The yellow pall of death still clung over that quiet valley. A ghastly shroud of saffron—a shroud drawn over a monstrous coffin that had been Quetta, city of the dead!

Quetta had died in one terrible night. From a bustling metropolis of thousands it had, in a moment, become a smoldering ruins, a sarcophagus of twisted humanity and wreckage, of chaos and calamity. For the Great Leveler had struck without warning on that calm afternoon.

The British constabulary had thrown a ring of steel around the doomed city, when the last living and maimed victim had been removed to safety. Several hundred Tommies held constant vigil around the place. They had strict orders to shoot anyone and anything that left the city. He who entered—man or animal—was doomed.

It chanced that on an afternoon in May, four years after the great earthquake, a big Mercedes drew up in front of the British consul's office. Sir John Elton-Blake was sipping a cool drink when an aide entered.

"An American chap to see you, sir. Says it's very important."

"Bother!" grumbled the obese official. "Well, show him in, Landis!"

A tanned young man in rather wrinkled whites, with gray eyes and an engaging smile, stepped inside.

"I'm Jimmy Christian," he said. "On a mission for the American Government."

Sir John put down his glass. "Long ways from home, aren't you, bub? Well, what is it?"

"I don't know if you are aware of it, Sir John," said Christian, "but a large quantity of jewels have been coming into New York—jewels which have only one origin, Quetta."

Sir John's mouth fell open. "Impossible! Ever since the quake we've kept a hundred soldiers posted around the city. Not a single living thing has ever left the ruins—and lived. Banks of searchlights are kept going all night—"

"This should explain better, then." Jimmy took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Sir John. The latter scanned it briefly, then coughed.

"Egad!" he cried. "That's a list of the crown jewels of Baluchistan—Prince Hondu-dhu's property!"

"Precisely," Jimmy replied.

"But how can it be? Nobody knows about the jewels except this office . . ."

"That's what I'm getting at," Jimmy cut in. "The jewels were buried, according to our records, in the debris of the prince's palace at the time of the quake."

Sir John gulped. "I—I don't believe it. It simply can't be. Your New York information must be erroneous; they must be receiving duplicates. I tell you no one could get out of Quetta alive!"

Sir John would remain stubborn, Jimmy could see that. But he didn't intend to let this deter him. He knew the jewels were getting out of Quetta.

That night, when the blaze of searchlights had turned the night into day, he made the rounds of the city in company with two guards. They stayed well back from the high wire fence that encircled the entire city.

As they stood regarding a portion of the eastern fence, a huge, bloated rat scampered from the ruins and darted off across the plain. He had gone barely ten feet when a blast of machine-gun fire blew him to bits.

"You see," grinned one of the guards, "nothing ever gets very far away from Quetta. A man would receive the same thing."

"I see," Jimmy said. And decided that no man had ever run that gauntlet and lived.

Two days passed while Jimmy made minute inspection of every possible avenue of escape from the city. There was none. On the morning of the fourth day he borrowed a small plane and took off. From the air Quetta looked like a heap of crumbled ruins, which in fact it was. He could easily pick out the

palace of Prince Hondu-dhu—or what was left of it.

When he set down on the shimmering, baked landing field, an aide ran up and handed him a cablegram. It was from the FBI and it stated that another shipment of rare gems and gold objects had been received by a fence in Trenton, New Jersey. They went through customs, with a bill-of-sale made out to the fence and signed by a Henry Datu-khan of Lahore.

A quick trip to Lahore the next day unearthed no one by the name of Henry Datu-khan. Jimmy concluded that the name was a fictitious one.

"Well," said Sir John a couple of days later, "we are just where we started. Ready to give up?"

"Not on your life!" replied young Christian emphatically. "The stuff's getting out of here, and I mean to learn how."

A few hours later Jimmy was in the air again. He circled the city several times, studying the rough, precipitous hills that surrounded the great valley, leading off to the distant Himalayas. For an hour he saw nothing. Then suddenly in a narrow, deep gorge he glimpsed a flash of light. Sunlight gleaming on something shiny. On what? He flew low. He had no glasses, so was unable to distinguish anything so small. The flash seemed to waver, as if it were in motion. A man on horseback! A man with a shiny ornament on the top of his sun helmet! He remembered seeing such an ornament . . .

Jimmy charted the exact location of the gorge in his mind and headed back to the British compound. That night he got two Tommies to accompany him on foot into the hills. It was a long trek, and about two hours before dawn they came to the edge of the gorge. Getting down the walls of that tremendous slash was a feat, but they accomplished it by the time the sun was up.

"Well, boys," he said, "maybe we've found the answer. Come on!"

They walked to the end of the gorge, and there before them was the opening of a tunnel, at least ten feet in diameter.

They entered the bore, walked for a good two hours, and came to a large oak door. It was unlocked. Jimmy pushed it open. A stairway led upward. Before they began the ascent, Jimmy produced three modern gas masks.

"Put 'em on. They're perfect protection against bubonic."



The stairway ended at another door. This opened into a large, dark room Jimmy cast the beam of his flash around. Then he let out an exclamation. The room on two sides was lined with shelves—shelves littered with baskets of gems, and heaps of small gold and silver trinkets.

"Well," he said, "they've left a few things, at least!"

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" gasped one of the Tommies. "It's the treasure room of Prince Hondudhu!"

He had hardly got the words out when a shot stabbed the gloom. The Tommies grabbed their pistols. Jimmy dropped to the floor.


"Hold it!" snapped a gruff voice Jimmy was sure he had heard somewhere. "Make a move and you're dead!"

One of the soldiers whipped a shot, which was answered immediately by the man hidden in the treasure room. Jimmy had doused his light at the first shot. He began crawling across the room, silently. Before he had gone far, there was a rush of feet and the door slammed. Jimmy leaped to his feet. He reached the door in one jump. A clatter of foot-

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steps went down the stairs. "Stop!" Jimmy shouted, and fanned a shot at the retreating shadow. The door at the bottom of the stairway slammed shut.

"After him, men!" cried Jimmy, and went flying down the stairs, the Tommies right behind him. As they bounded after the fleeing man, stumbling over obstacles on the tunnel floor, Jimmy came to the conclusion that he knew who they were chasing.

The chase lasted almost an hour; the man ahead was an excellent sprinter, and whenever they rested, he did too. At length they saw light ahead. As they came out into the open, a man on horseback galloped out of a clump of bushes. He was riding low in the saddle, his head held at an angle. He snapped three shots at them, none of them finding a target.

"Stop!" yelled Jimmy. One of the Tommies fired. The man pitched out of the saddle, and rolled a dozen feet. He lay still. He was dead when they reached him.

The Tommy who had shot him cried out, almost collapsing in the dust.

"I knew it," said Jimmy quietly. "He was so certain that no one was getting the stuff out of Quetta, so *very* certain, that I suspected him from the first. Well, let's get him tied on a horse. It's a long trek back. So he was Henry Datu-khan . . . Sir John Elton-Blake, bandit!"

**ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN STORY**  
**THE MONSTER**  
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF  
**SMASH COMICS** / ON SALE  
OCTOBER 17TH

**TOPS BY**

*test pilot*

**STANDARDS**



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# ROOKIE RANKIN

by Arthur Peddy

EVEN WHEN OFF DUTY, ROOKIE RANKIN MANAGES TO FIND TROUBLE AND THIS TIME IT'S A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.



ROOKIE GOES OUT AFTER GROCERIES.

CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT I WANT OR SHALL I WRITE IT DOWN?

I WON'T FORGET.



NOW LET'S SEE, HAMBURGER? NO... CHOPS? OR WAS IT LIVER? NO... AW, SHUCKS!



SUDDENLY LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE..

I'VE GOT IT! FISH! I'LL GO TO GUS POPPALOPALOUS AND BUY IT FROM HIM!



MY MOTHER WANTS A NICE FAT MACKEREL, GUS.

HOKAY, BOSS!









..AND TO A FISHING SMACK  
ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR.



HE GOES ABOARD AND FACES  
"THE SQUID."



HERE IS A  
FINE FEESH. A  
PRAZZENT TO YOU  
FROM ME, MR.  
SQUID. TOO BAD  
YOU DON'T GOT  
A COOK LIKE  
ROOKIE  
RANKIN?

HUH?

ROOKIE IS MADE A PRISONER  
IN A CABIN.

IF YOUSE  
GET LONESOME,  
COPPER, YOUSE  
CAN PLAY TAG  
WIT' THE  
RATS!



OH..SO  
YOUR PALS  
WANT TO  
PLAY  
GAMES?



BUT GUS HAS SEEN ROOKIE  
DRAGGED TO THE SHIP AND  
FOLLOWS.

I, GUS  
POPPALOPALOUS  
AM NOT SO DUMB!  
LOOK! I, GUS  
POPPALOPALOUS  
HAVE IDEA?



"THE SQUID'S" MOUTH  
BEGINS TO WATER AND  
HE BARKS A COMMAND.



MMM? HIS CODFISH A LA  
AVOCADO MALTS IN YOUR  
MOUTH? WELL, I  
GOING NOW.  
GOOM-  
BYE!



TELL  
THAT  
COP TO  
START  
COOKIN?



BUT I  
CAN'T  
EVEN  
MAKE  
TOAST?

SHEDDUP?  
C'MON WIT'  
ME TO  
THE GALLEY.  
KITCHEN,  
TO YOU!

ROOKIE IS LOCKED IN THE  
GALLEY.



I DON'T  
GET IT?

HE CUTS OPEN THE FISH.



A GUN?  
GOOD  
FOR  
GUS?



A HALF HOUR PASSES AND THEN



A RIGHT BY ROOKIE DEPOSITS HIM ON THE HOT STOVE.

THE YOUNG COP RUSHES OUT ON DECK.



"THE SQUID" FIRES.

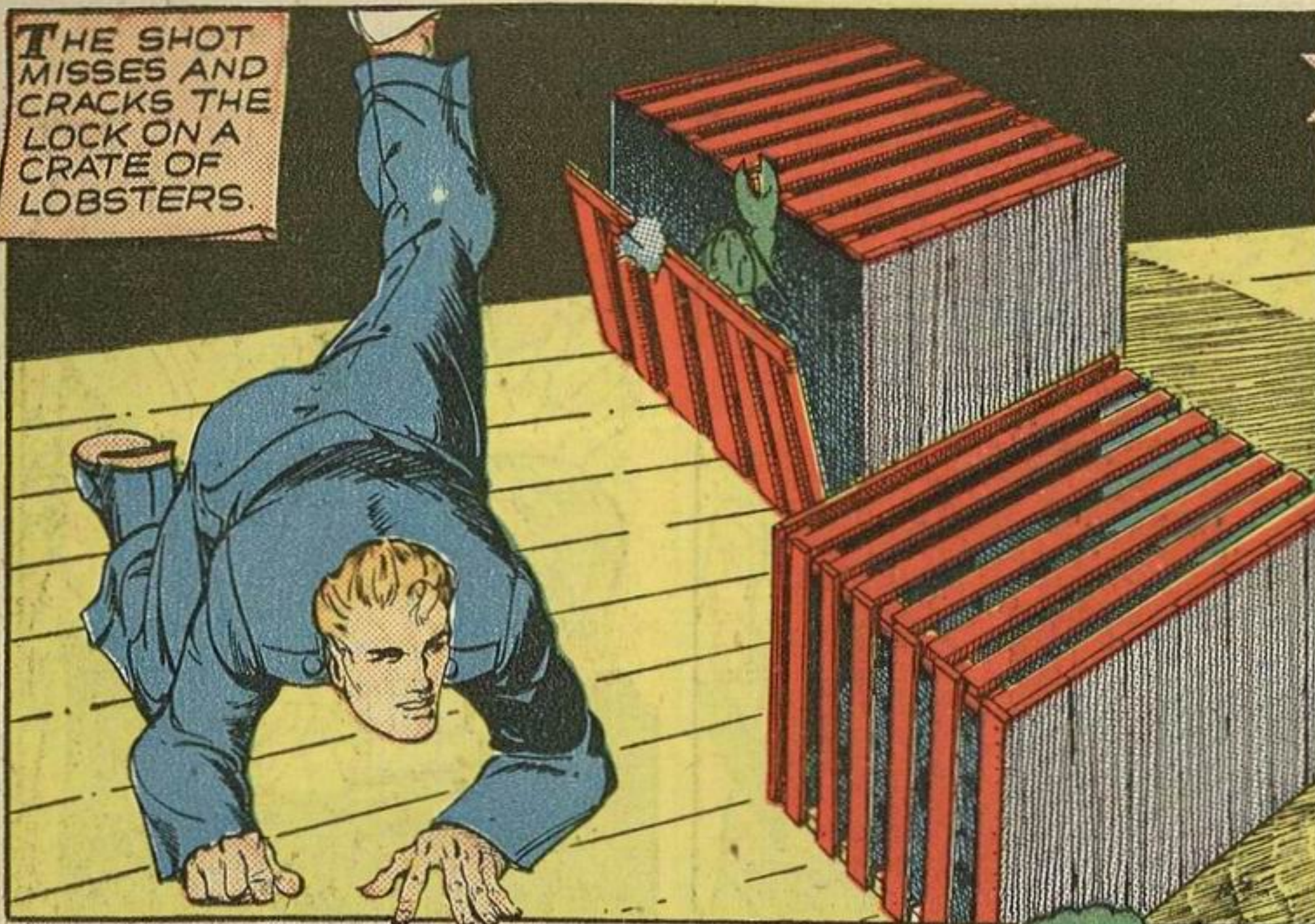


BUT ROOKIE RANKIN SLIPS ON A DEAD FISH.





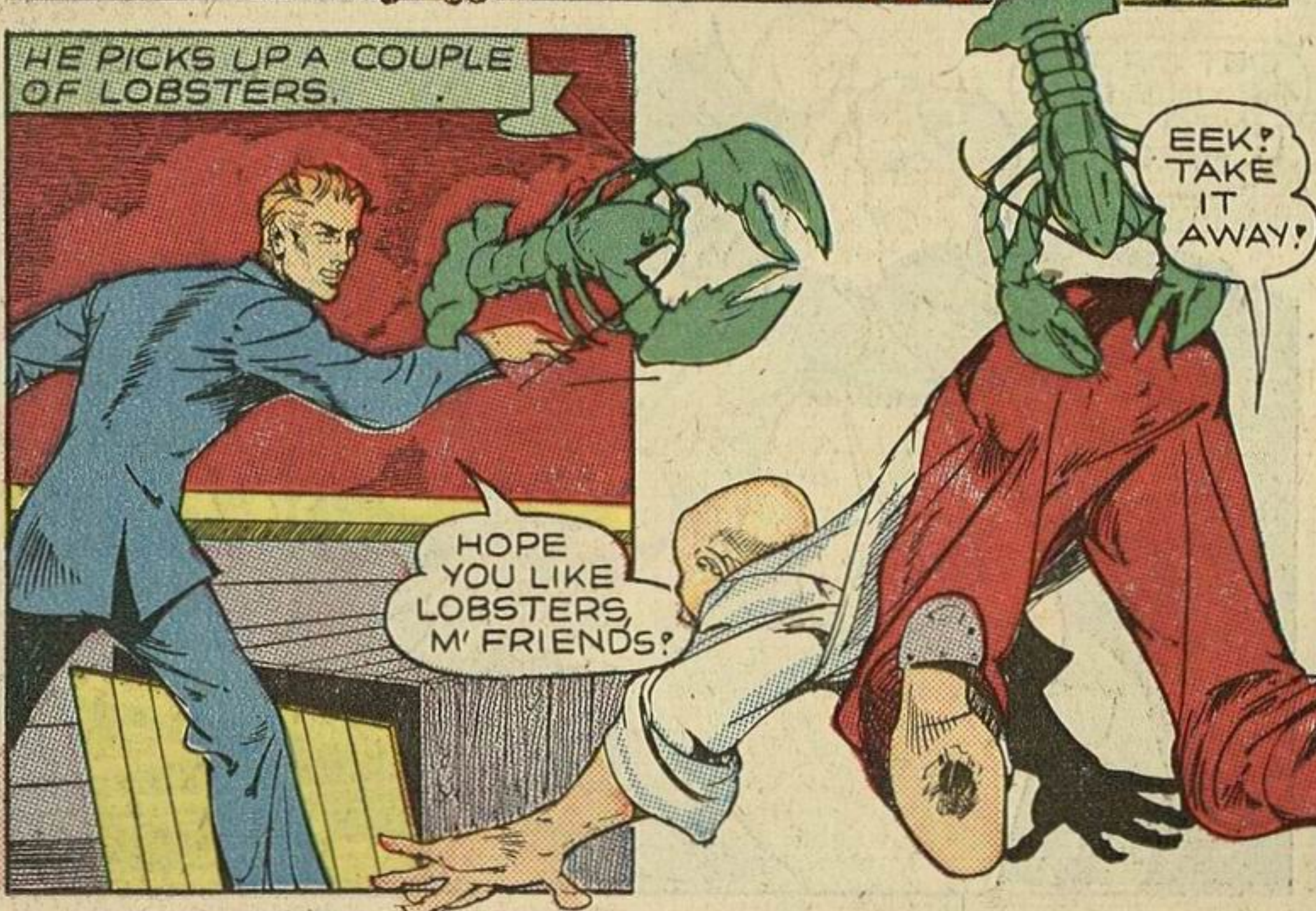
THE SHOT  
MISSES AND  
CRACKS THE  
LOCK ON A  
CRATE OF  
LOBSTERS.



THE CREW CHARGES AT  
ROOKIE.



HE PICKS UP A COUPLE  
OF LOBSTERS.



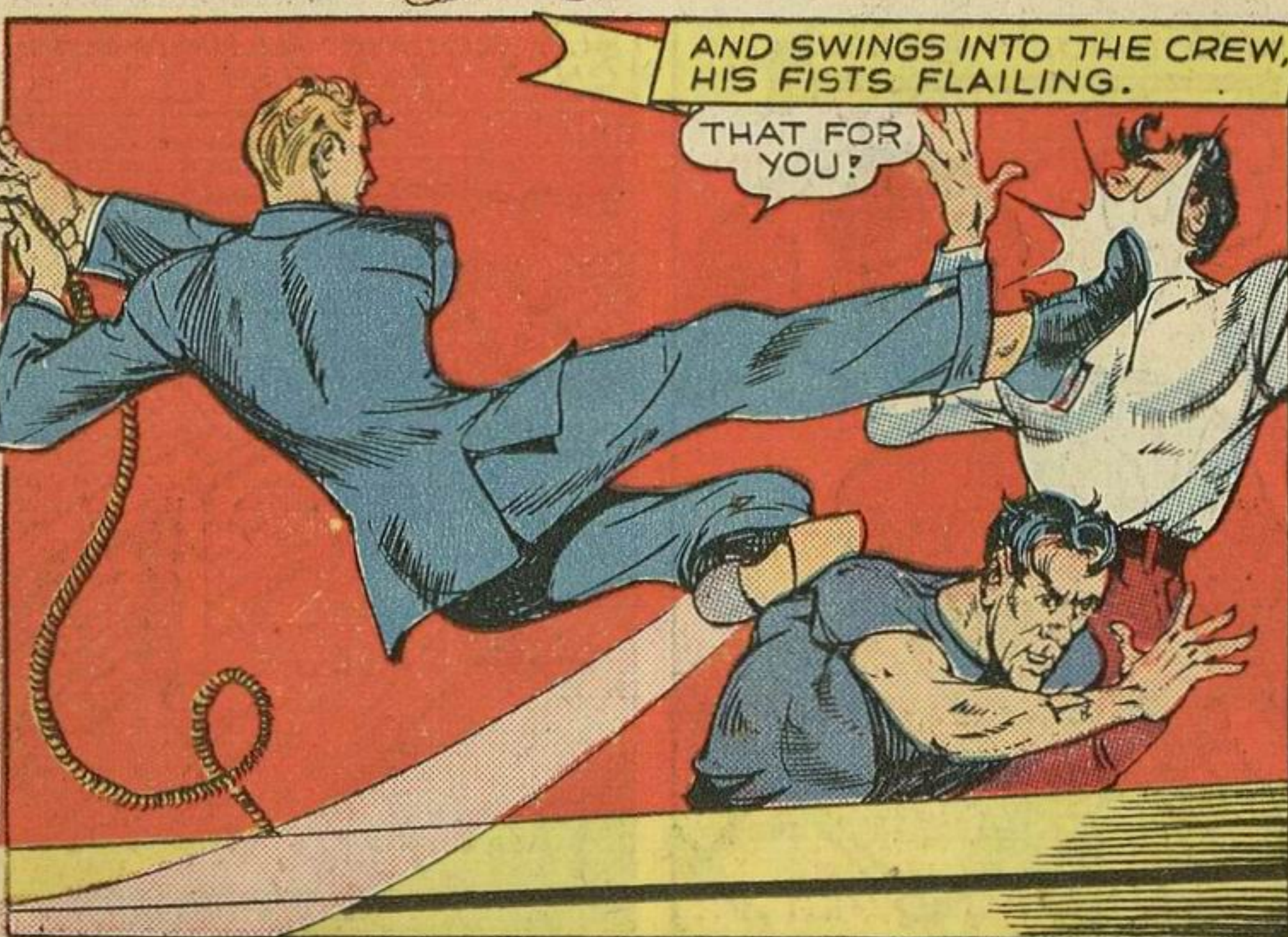
EEK!  
TAKE  
IT  
AWAY!

ROOKIE DIVES FOR A ROPE.



AND SWINGS INTO THE CREW,  
HIS FISTS FLAILING.

THAT FOR  
YOU?



THE THUGS ARE KICKED OVER  
THE SIDE.





GUS CLIMBS OVER THE RAIL WITH A STRANGE WEAPON.

THE LONGEST EEL I COULD FIND!

HE WRAPS IT AROUND A THUG'S NECK.

ROOKIE AND GUS OPEN FIRE WITH FISH FOR AMMUNITION.

A FISH ON THE HOUSE, BUD?

GOOD PITCHING, ROOKIE? YOU SHOULD BEING IN THE MAJOR LEAGUE?

FISH FLY LIKE BULLETS.

"THE SQUID" IS FLOORED BY A FLOUNDER.

POLICE CAR SIRENS SCREAM AS THE POLICE ARRIVE AND PULL UP TO THE DOCK.

BET ROOKIE RANKIN IS MIXED UP IN THIS SOMEHOW, SERGEANT!

SARGE BURNS CLIMBS ABOARD AND ROOKIE ACCIDENTALLY SMACKS HIM WITH A STURGEON.

GLORP?

WHY YOU-YOU! I'LL HAVE YOU SUSPENDED, FINED AND... AND...

BUT AT HOME, MA RANKIN ALMOST FAINTS AS THEY COME IN.

GLORY BE! YE'LL HAVE TO TAKE BATHS, THE BOTH OF YE, BEFORE YE CAN SIT AT MY TABLE! ...AND IT'LL BE NO FISH DINNER. YOU'LL GET BEANS, ME BYES!

AW, COOL OFF, SARGE! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! COME ON HOME AND MA'LL COOK US A SWELL FISH DINNER NOW THAT "THE SQUID'S" RACKET IS CLEANED UP!



# BOZO the ROBOT



**THE STAR**  
VOL. 11, 21

**5TH AVE. ROBBERY  
FOILED BY IRON MAN.**

**MACHINE GUN  
BULLETS FAIL TO  
STOP ROBOT.**

**ENTIRE GANG  
CAUGHT AND TURNED  
OVER TO THE POLICE.**

THE NEWS IS READ BY  
"SLIP" TALONE, GANGLAND'S  
BIG BOSS----



by WAYNE REID.

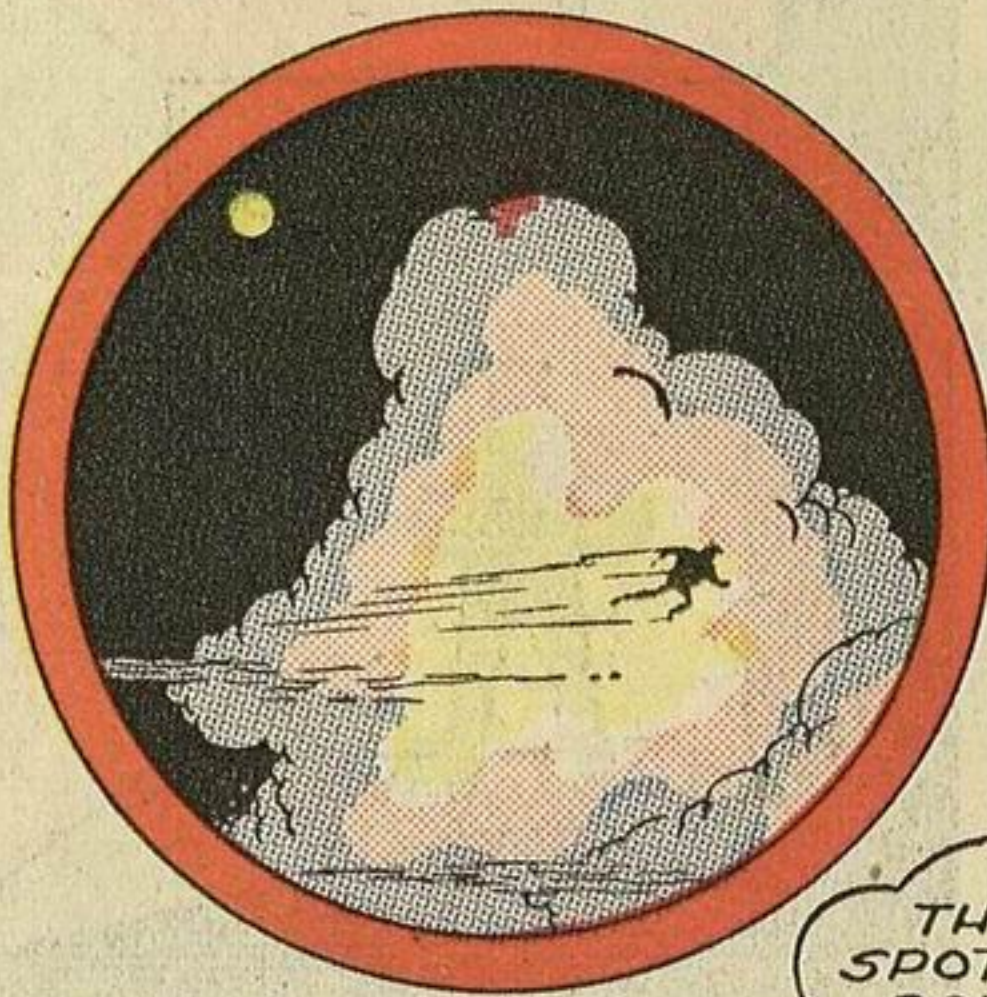




A DESERTED LIVE FISH STORAGE  
HOUSE STANDS DESOLATELY  
ON AN OLD PIER-



THROUGH THE AIR STREAKS  
THE IRON MAN, INDESTRUCTIBLE  
CRIME FIGHTER-



THIS IS THE  
SPOT- I'LL DROP  
DOWN HERE--

THE ROBOT APPROACHES  
THE CRUMBLING SHACK--



UNOILED HINGES PROTEST  
LOUDLY UNDER BOZO'S PRESSURE-

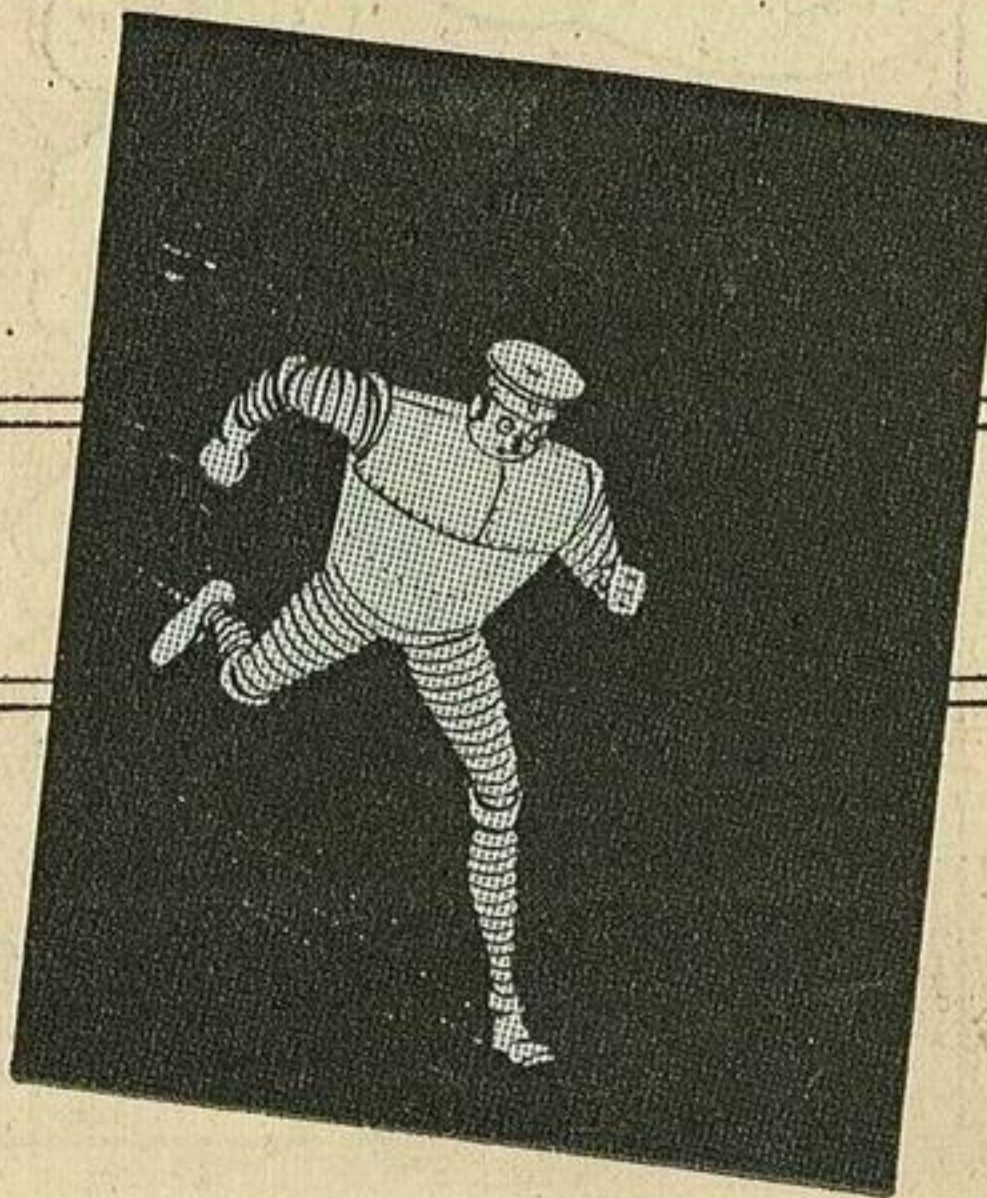


DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE ANYONE'S  
IN HERE-

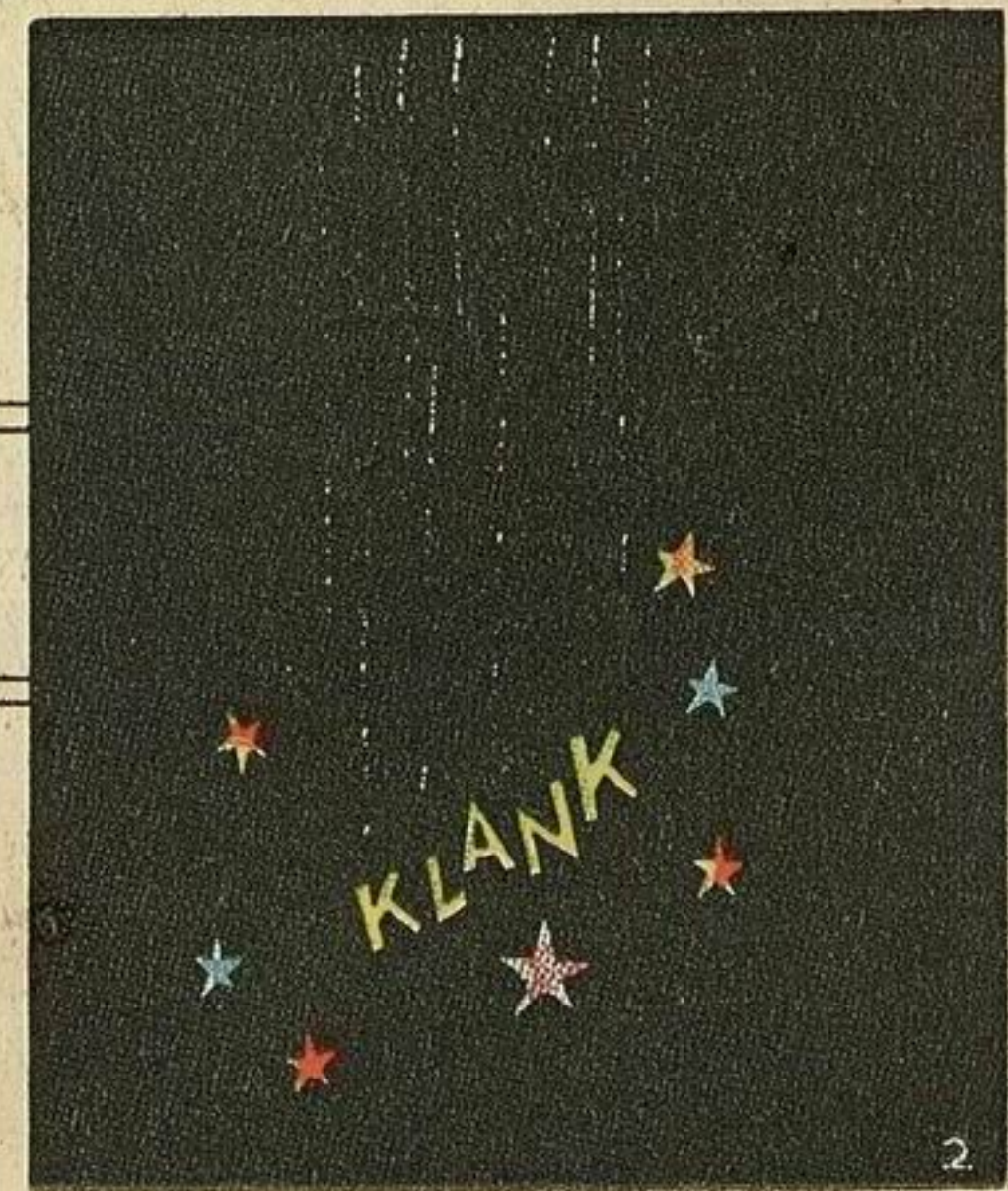
YES THERE  
IS, SUCKER-



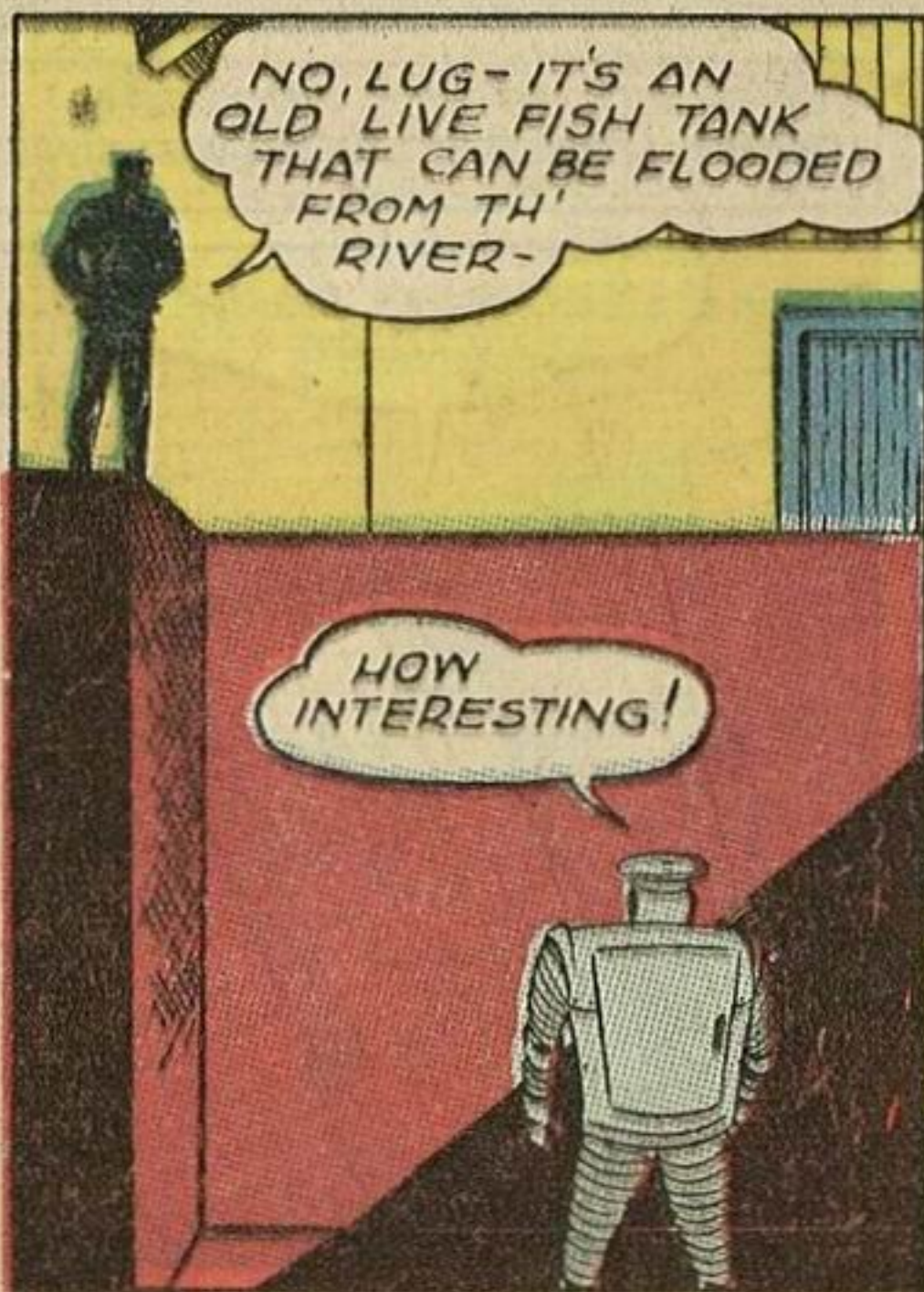
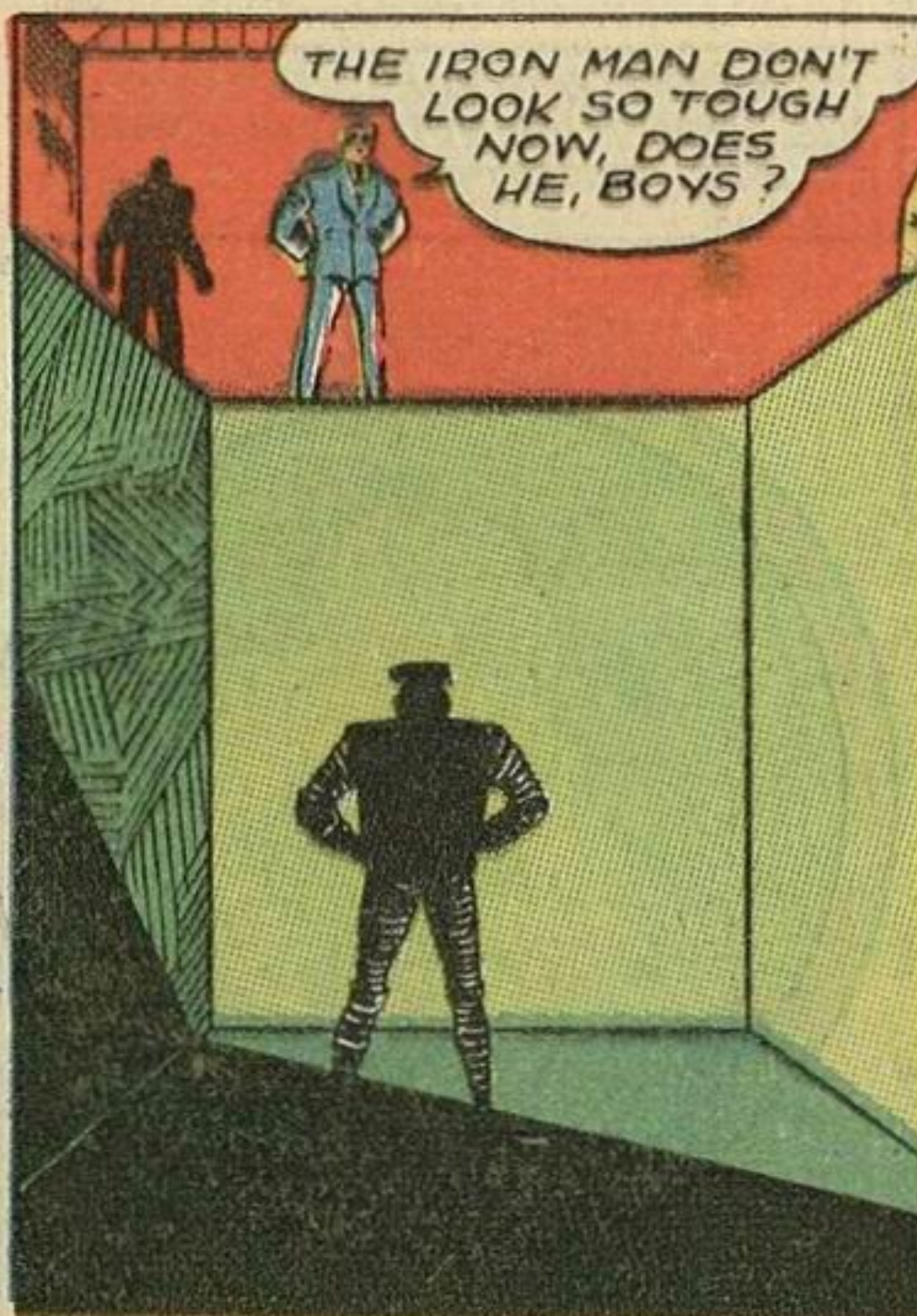
THE IRON MAN STREAKS  
TOWARD THE VOICE-



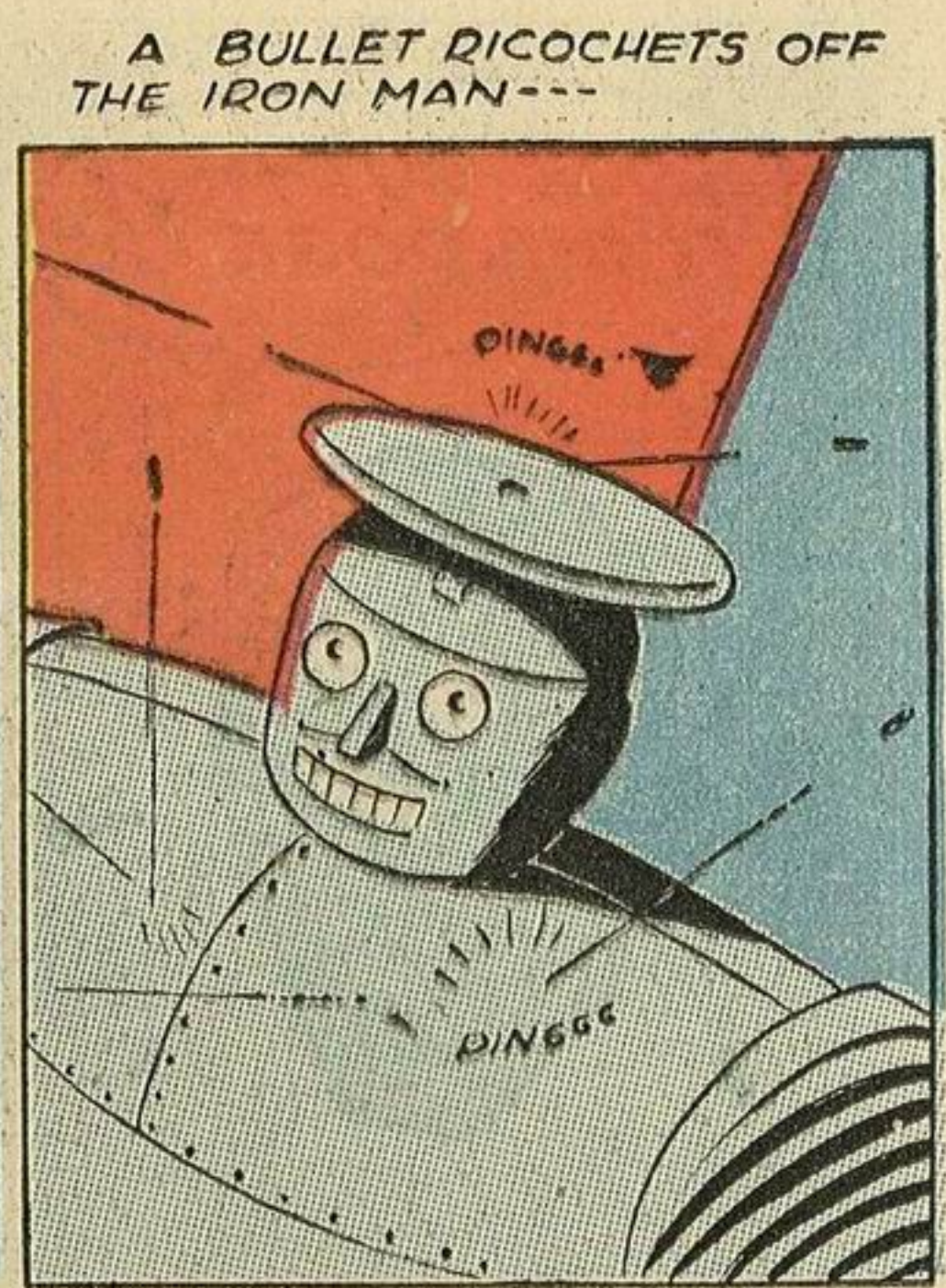
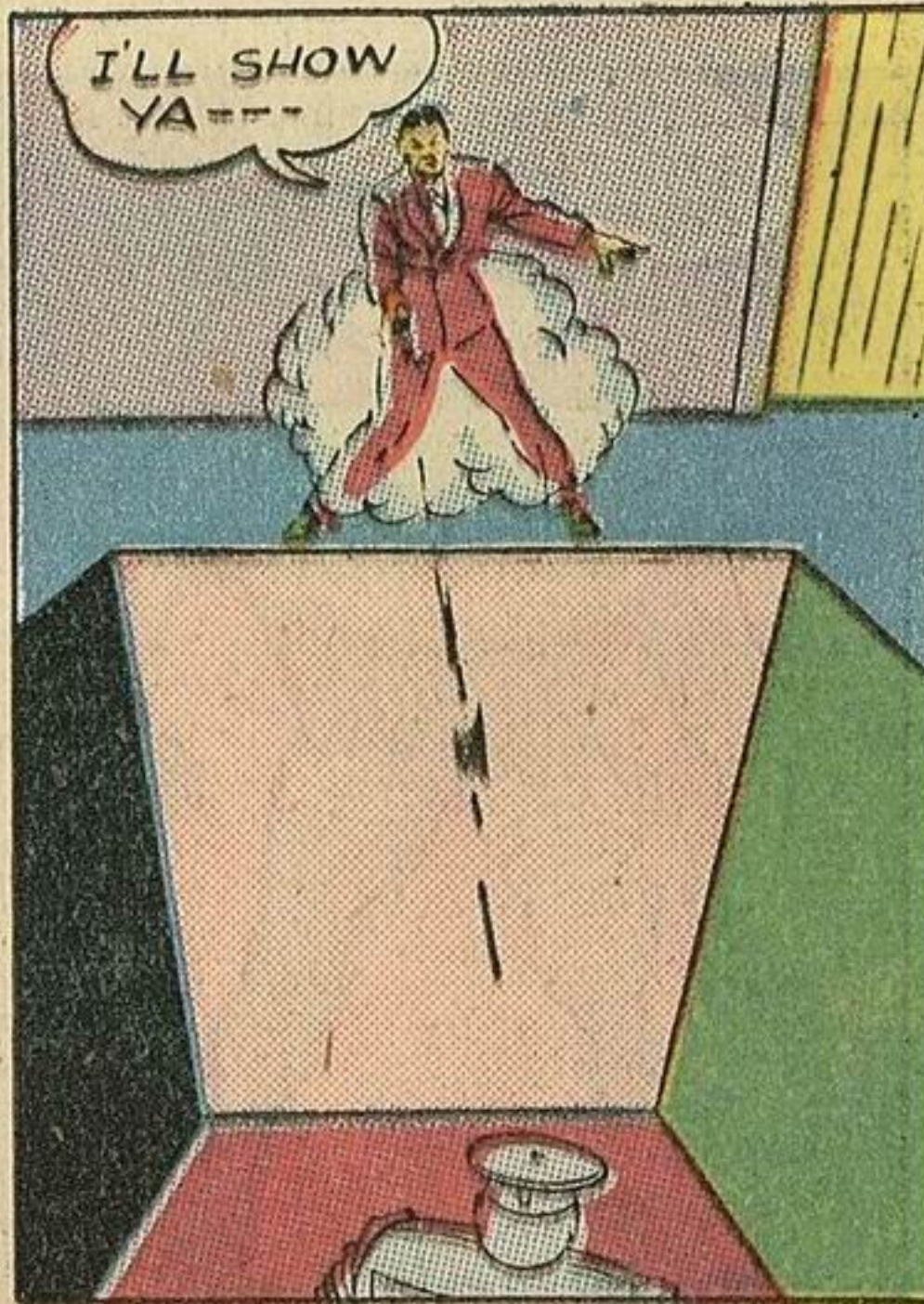
SUDDENLY THE IRON MAN'S  
BODY HURTLES DOWNWARD-



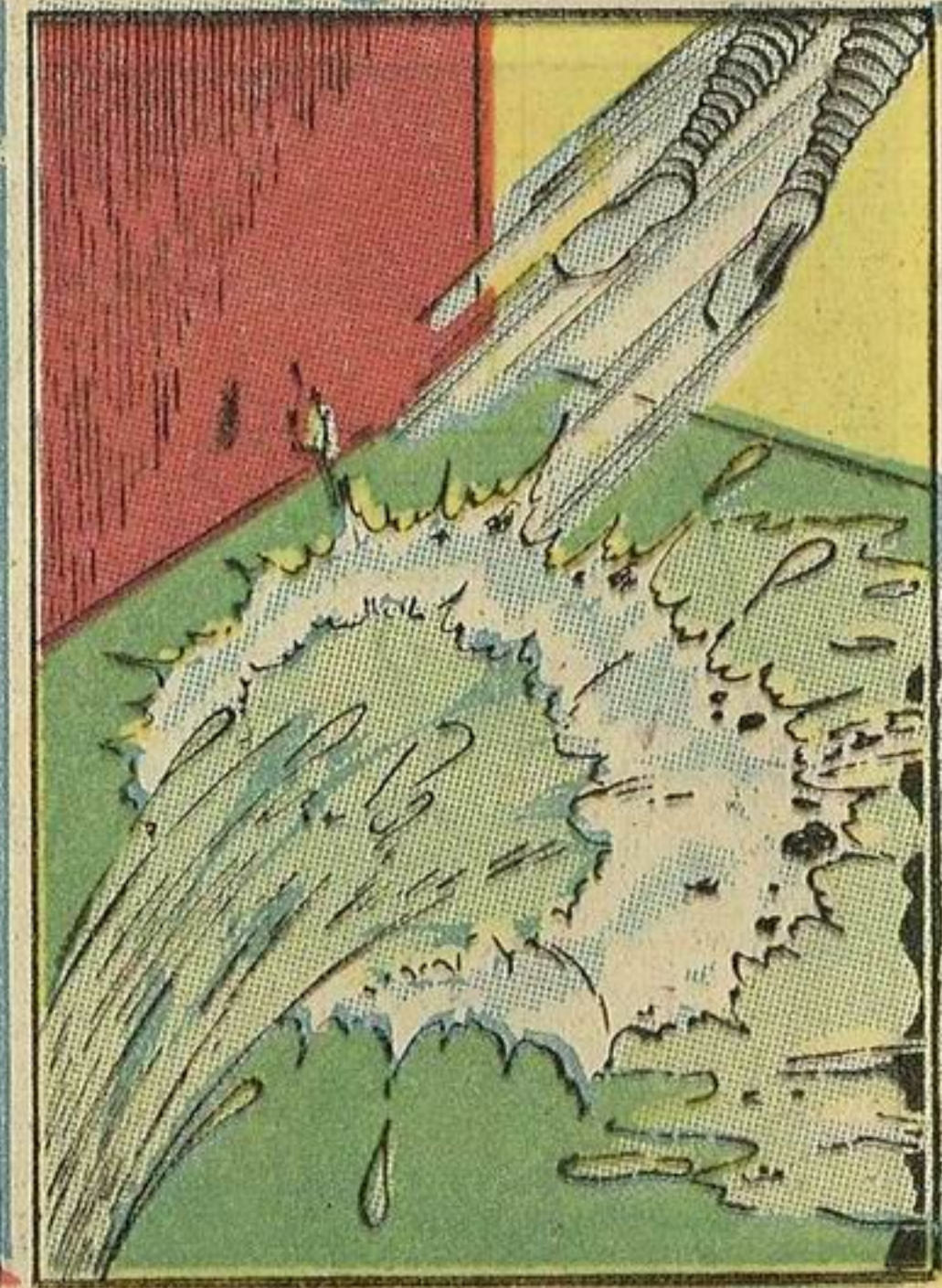
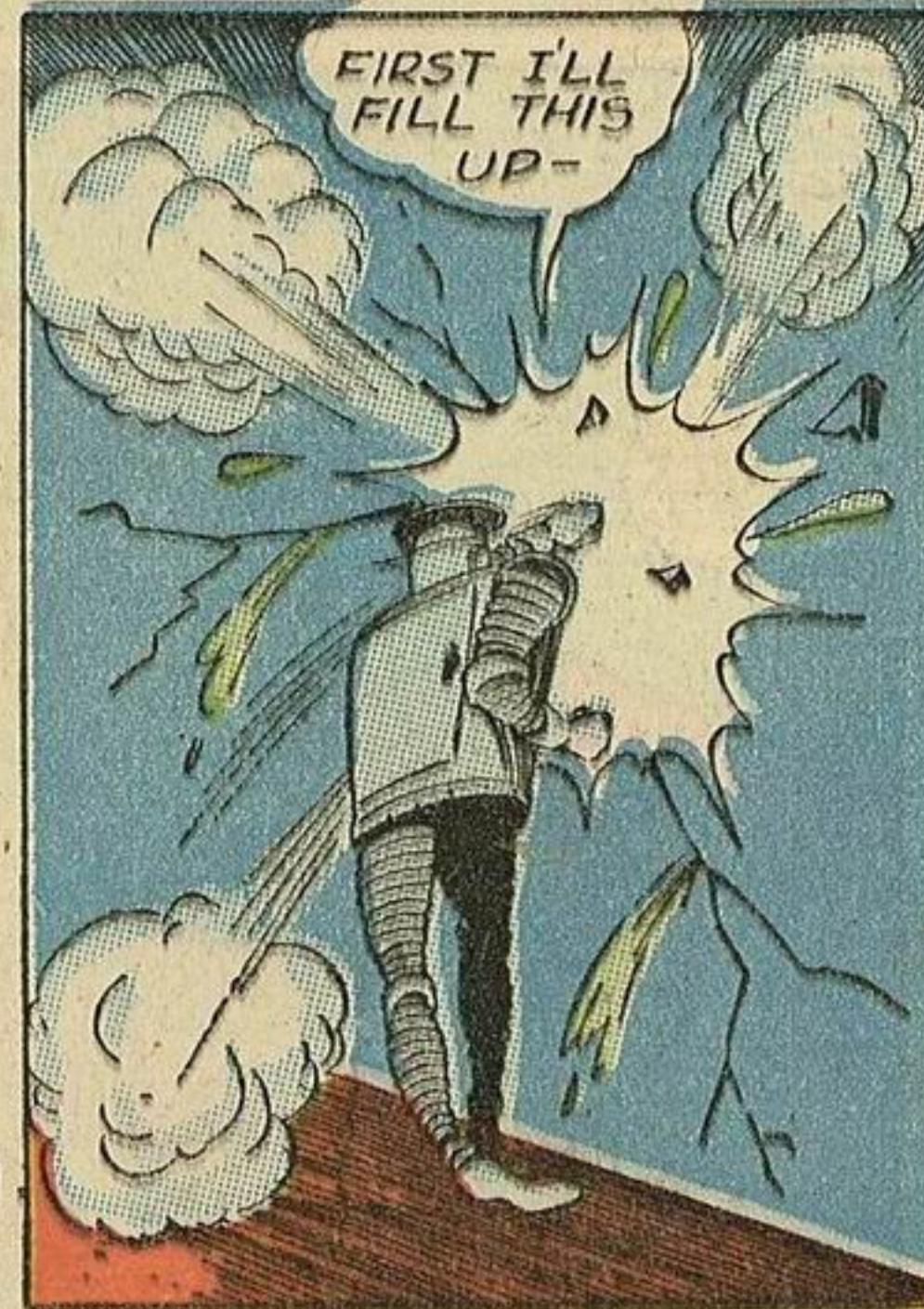




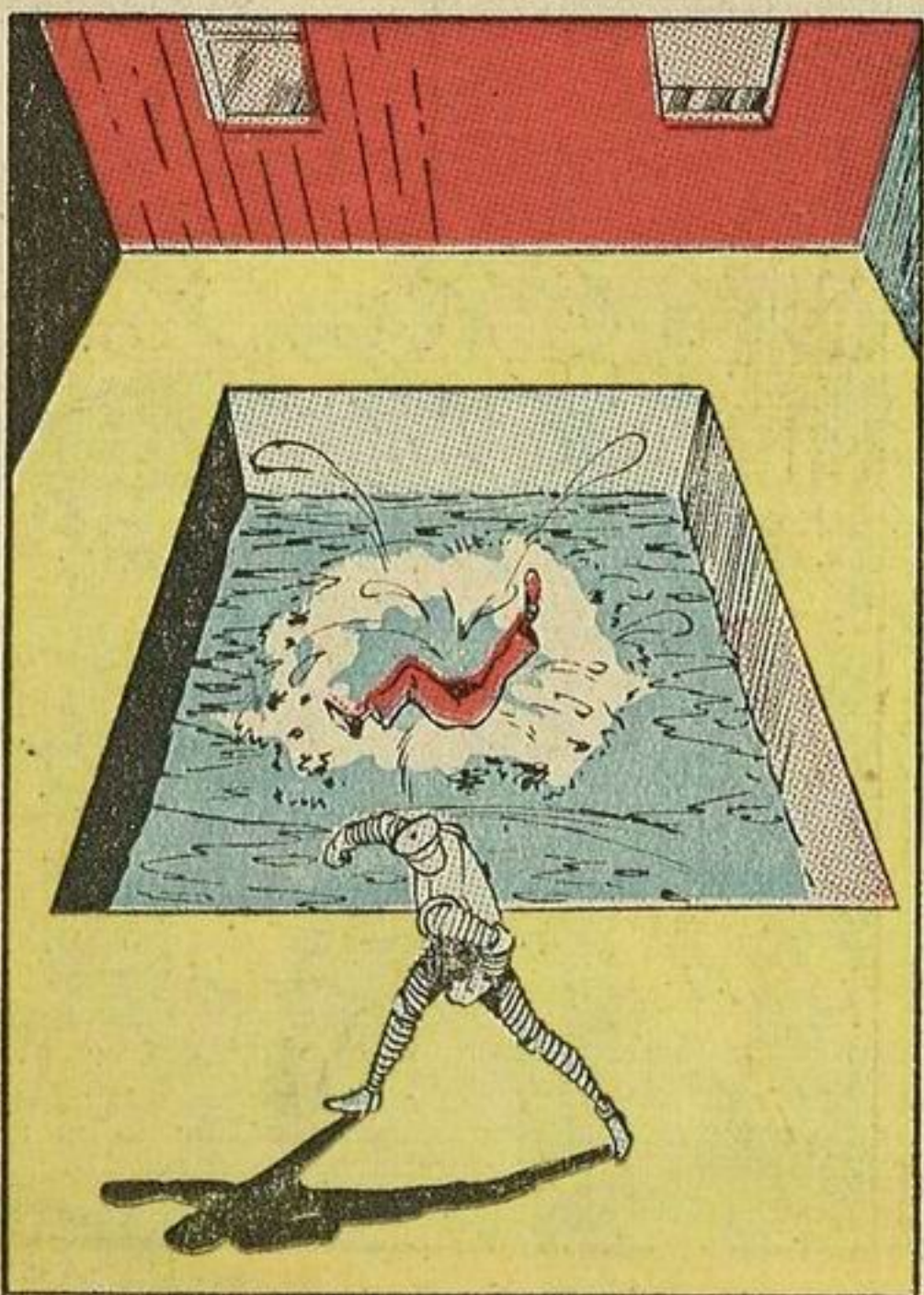
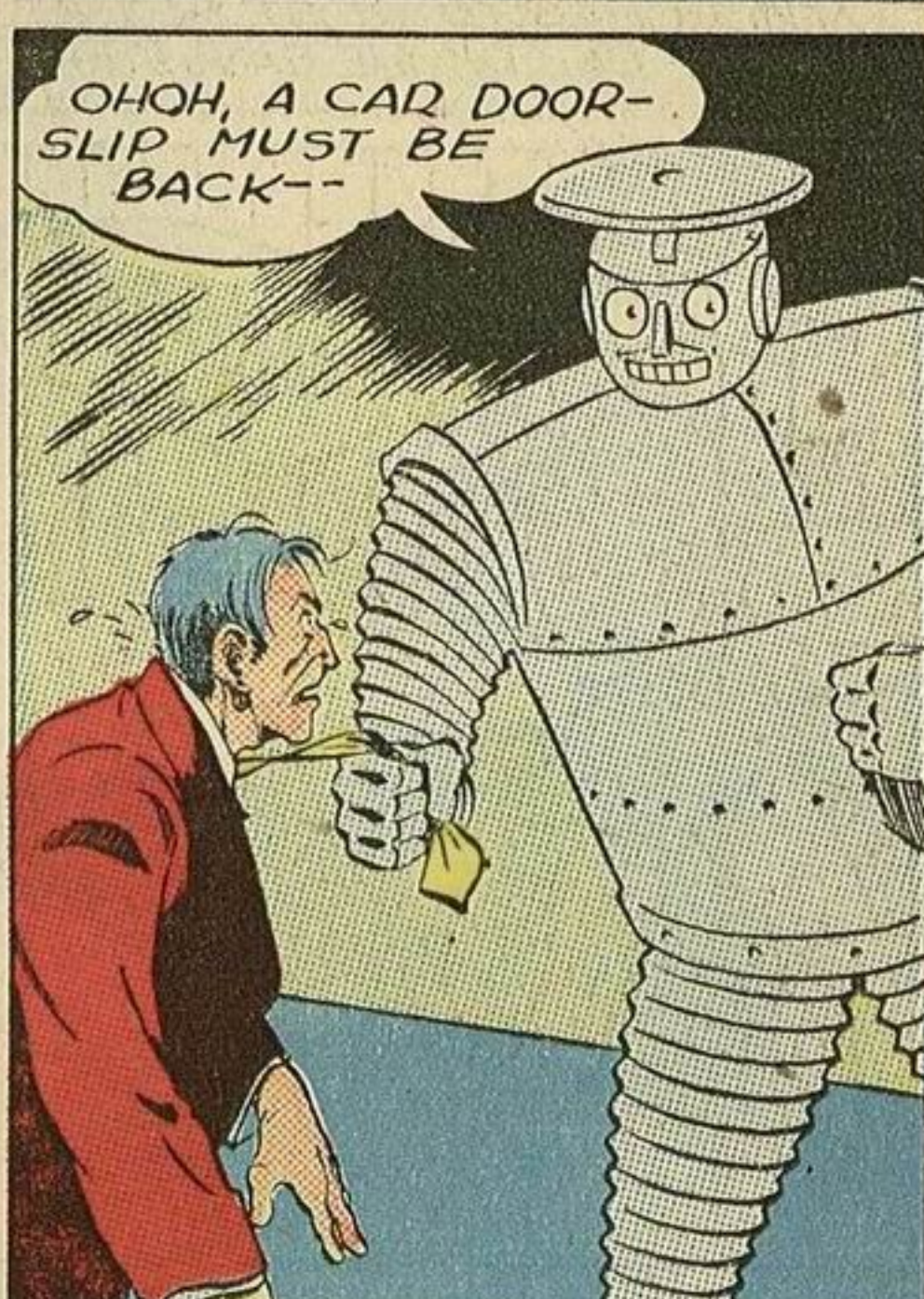
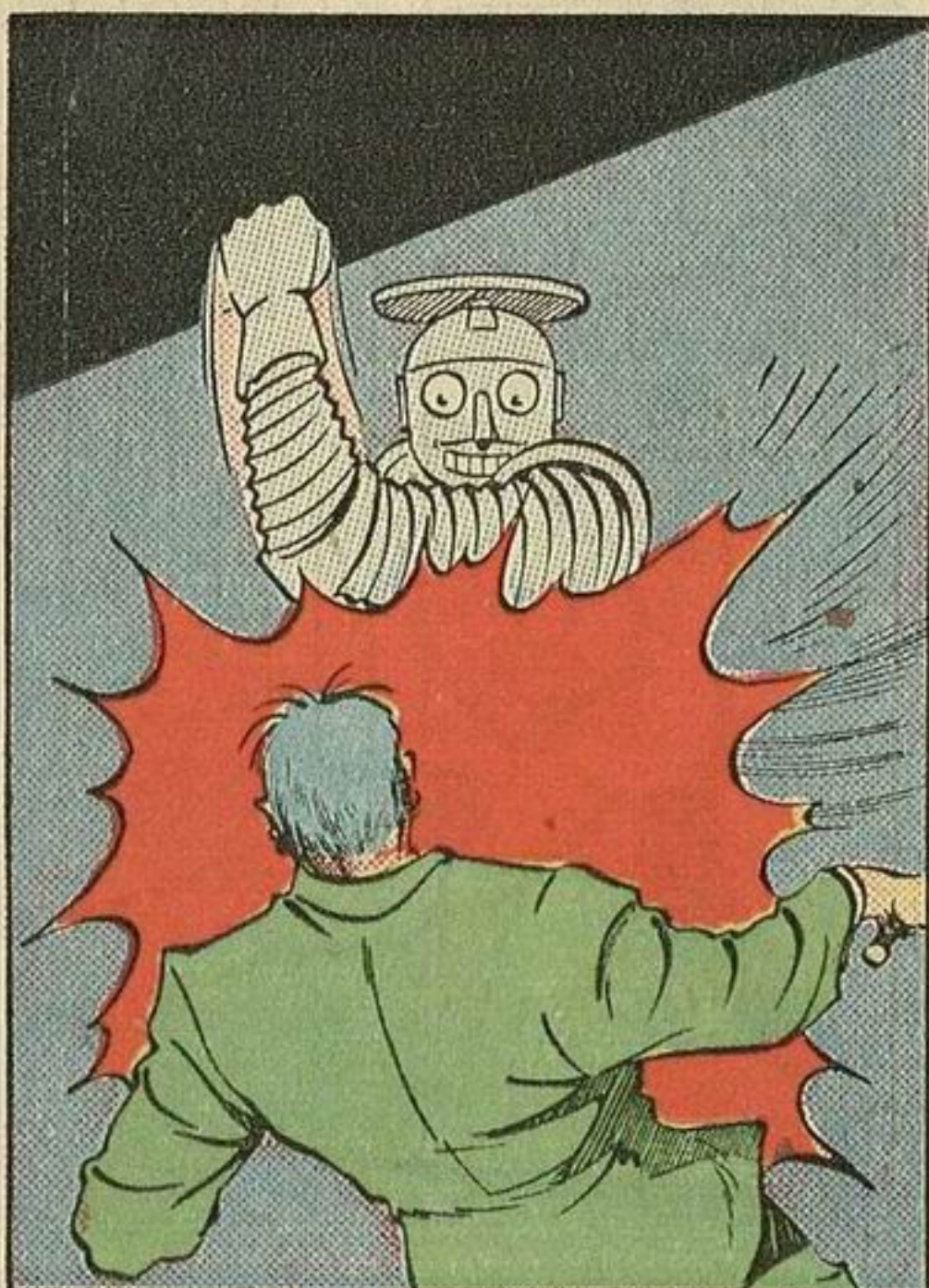




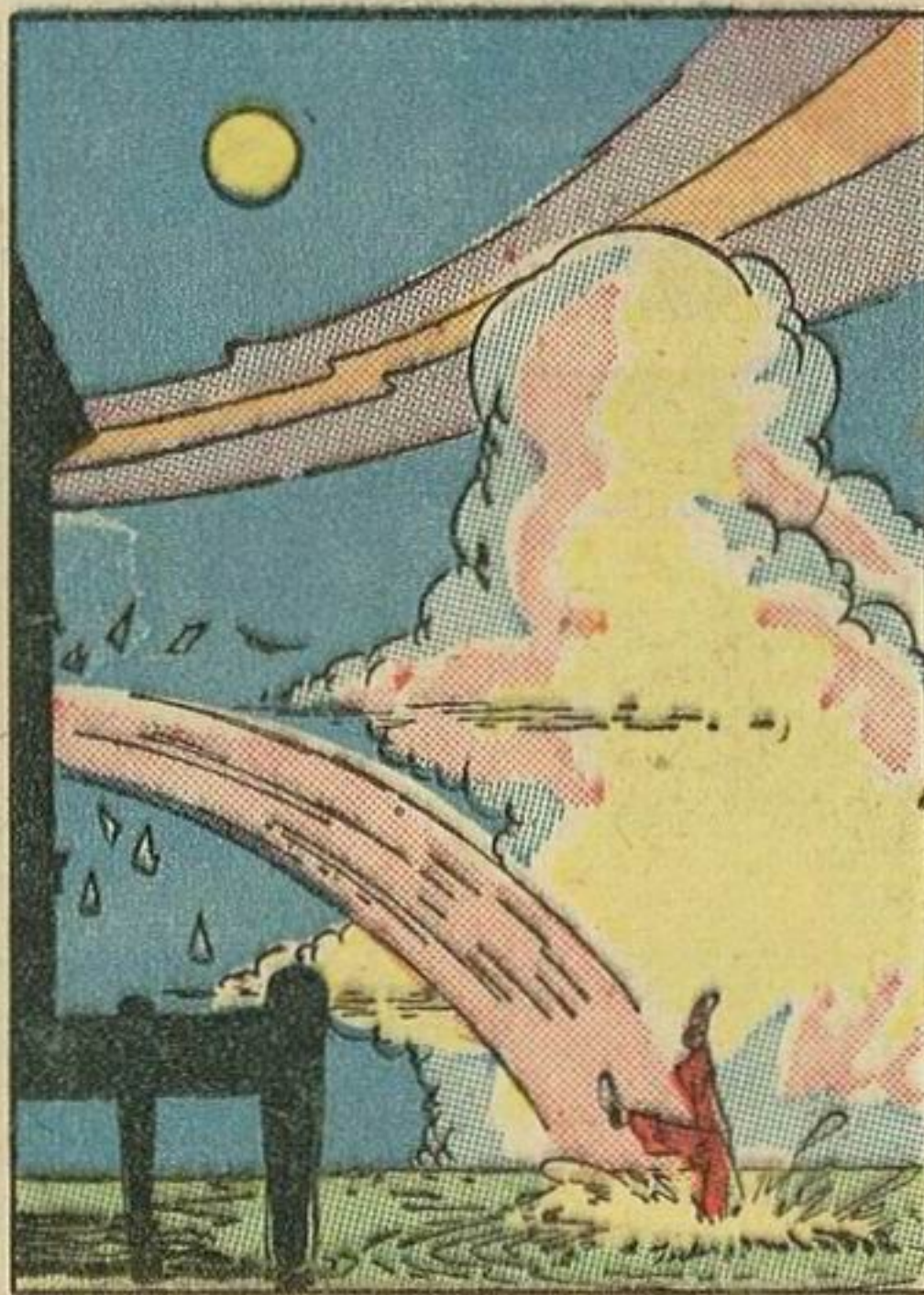
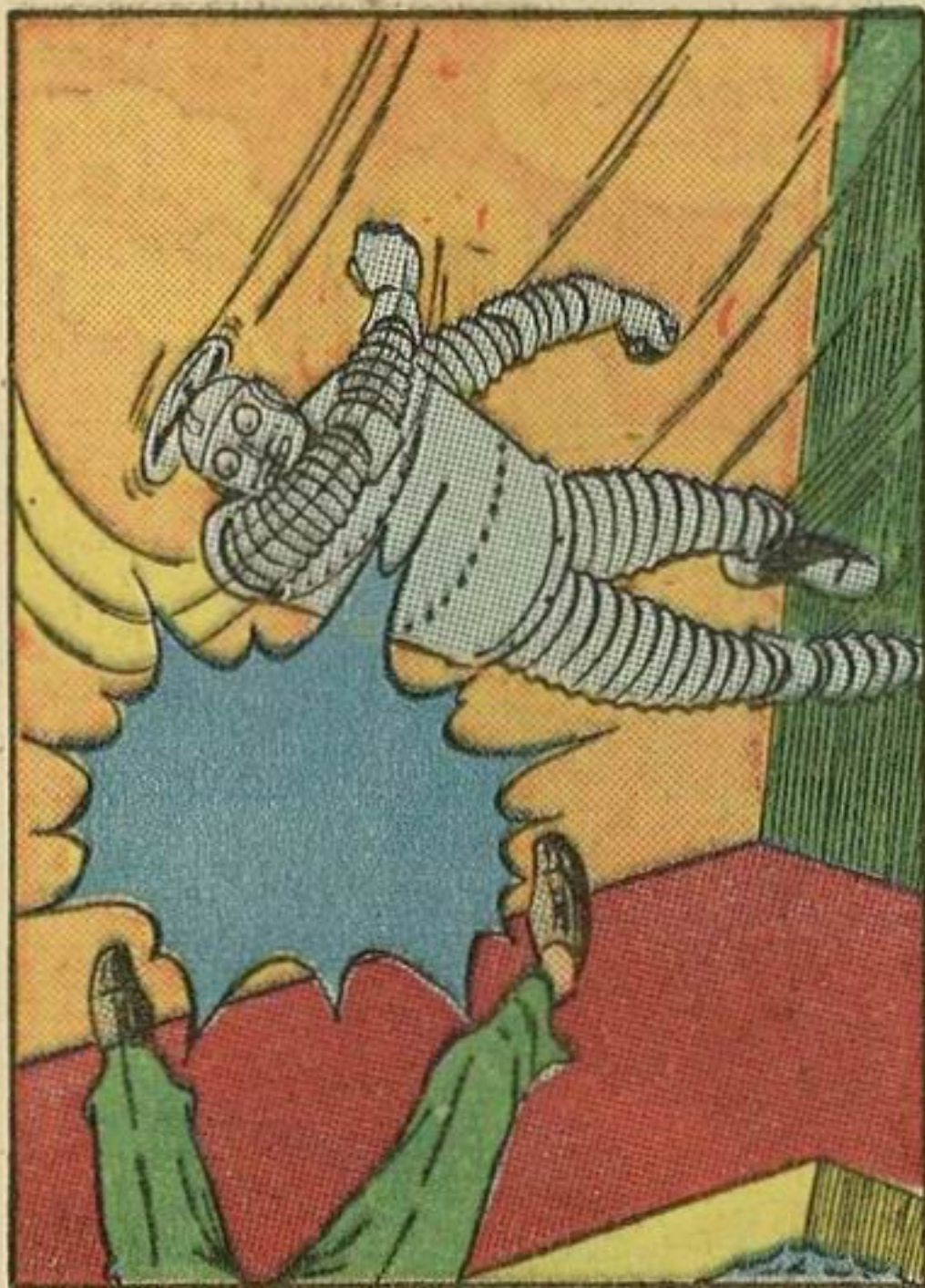
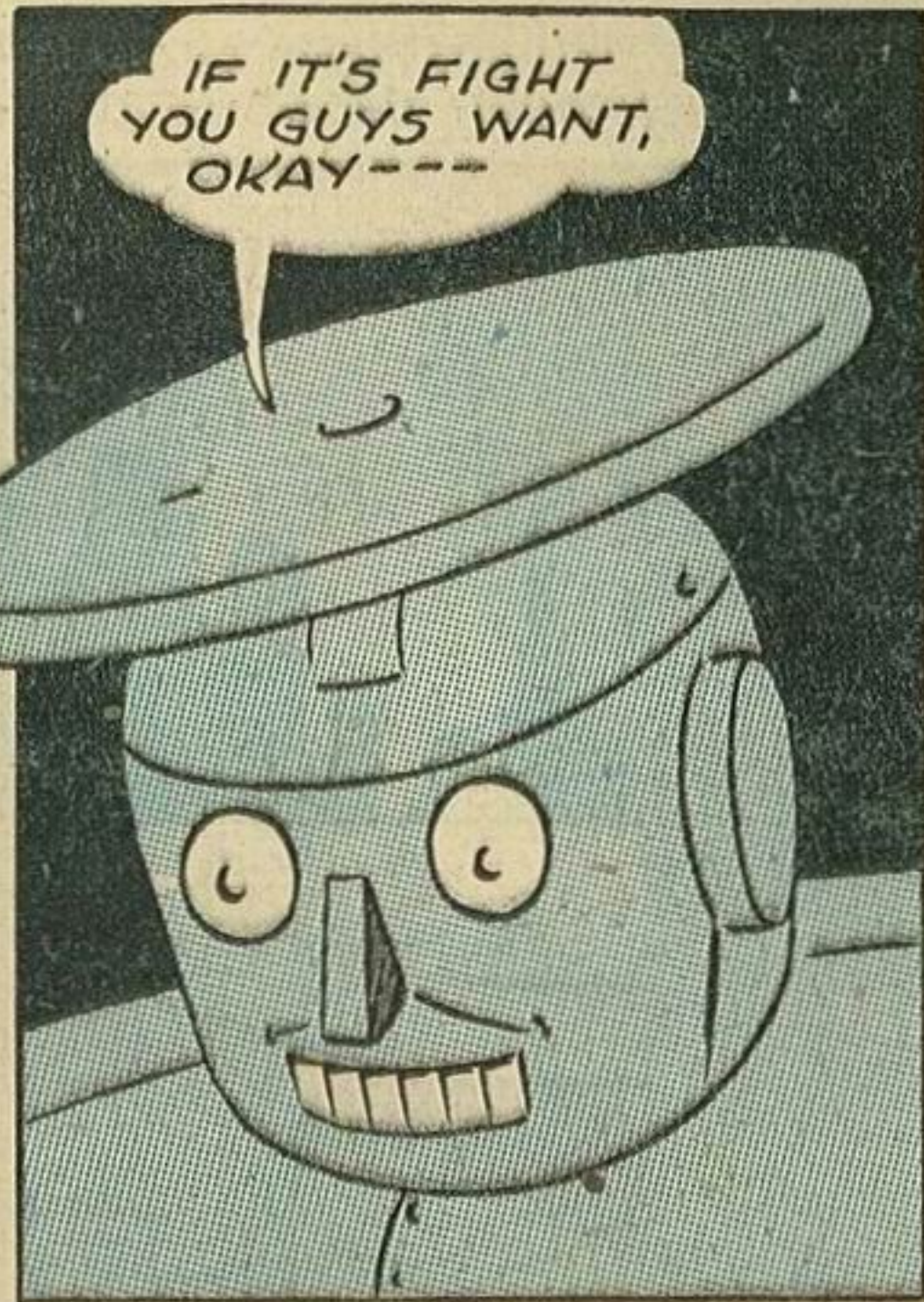
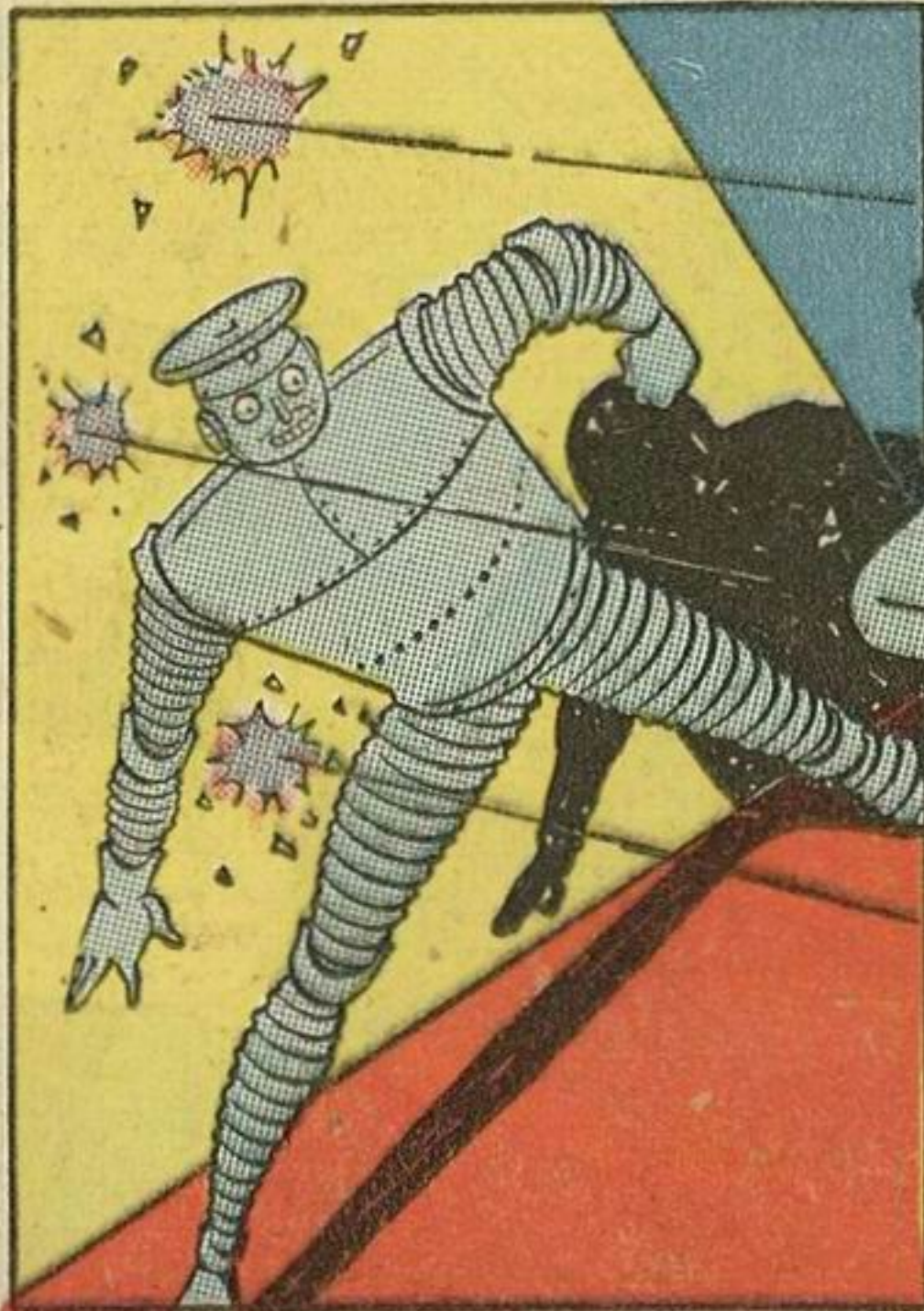
AND COMES TO REST IN THE HEART OF ONE OF THE GANGSTERS









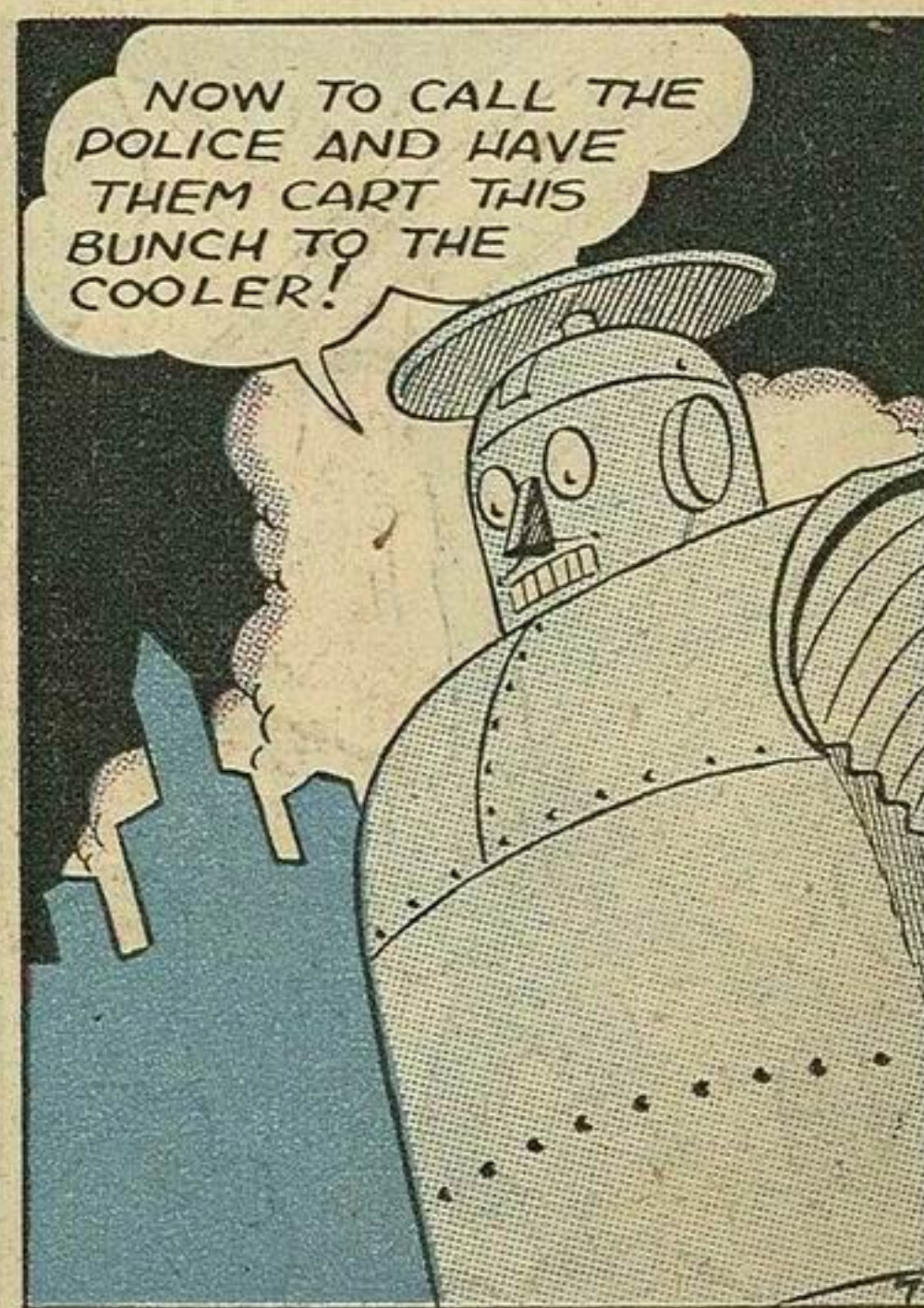
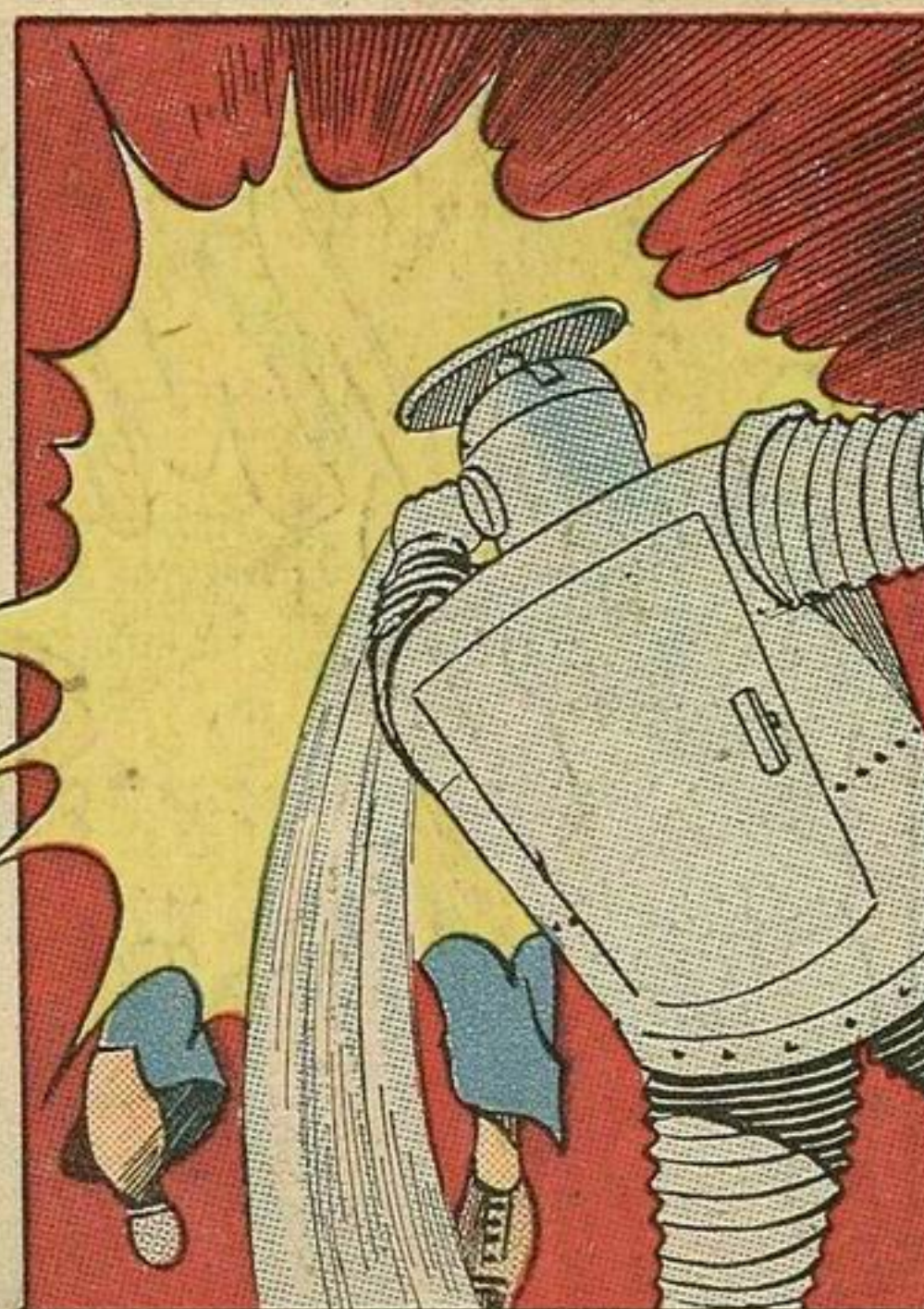
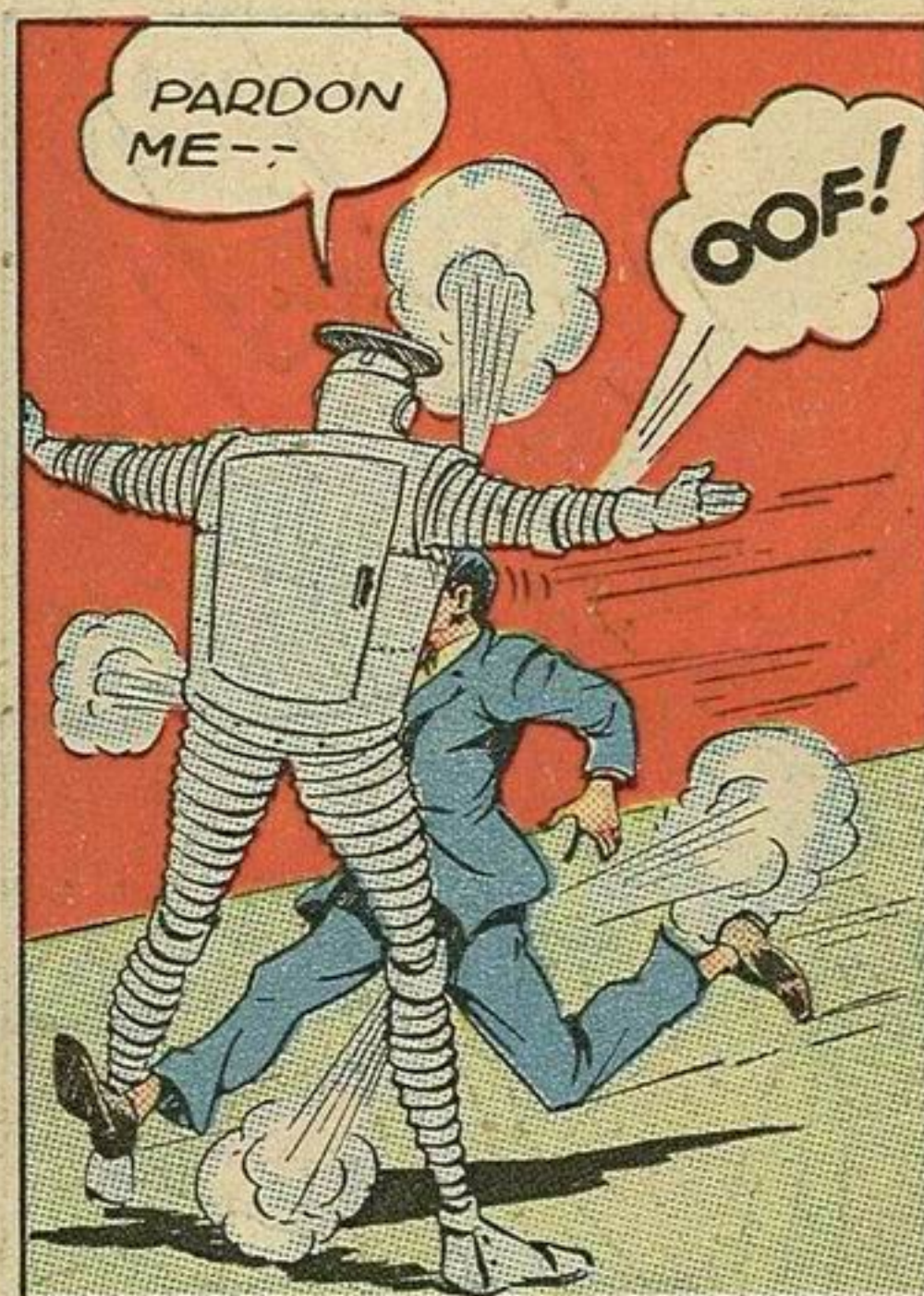




THE FRIGHTENED GANG LEADER  
RACES THROUGH THE STREETS -



THE ALERT BOZO SPOTS THE  
FLEEING CROOK----



Follow Bozo The Robot in the December issue of SMASH COMICS.